

Sports Illustrated

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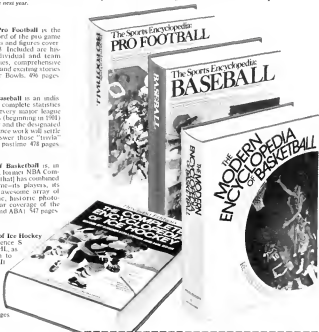
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Every year at about this time Staff Writer Julie Campbell, who coordinates our fashion coverage, finds herself repeatedly distracted from her schedule of writing and picture selecting by our male staff members. They invariably tell her what a cushy job she has, then

to fly to Florida, and after a three-hour interview she asked the twins if they would pose for us. "We had been working part-time as waitresses in a health-food store," says Yvette. "It came down to a choice between serving carrot-juice cocktails or going to Baga. We took Baga."

Christie Brinkley, another of the featured models, began her career when a photographer "discovered" her three years ago, walking along a street in Paris where she was working as an artist. Now when Christie goes on location she packs her sketch pad and, since she is an avid sportswoman, her running shoes as well.

Cheryl Tiegs, who is making her fourth appearance in our annual swimsuit issue, enjoys modeling because it allows her to choose when and for whom she will work. She made her first appearance as a cover girl on *Glamour* magazine 10 years ago, and has been on more than 150 covers (including *SI*'s twice) since. "Cheryl is one of the few models who has been able to bridge the gap between the innocent little girl look and the sophisticated woman look," says fashion agent Nina Blanchard. "She may not be the girl all women want to look like, but she has a quality that makes her look the way most *women* think a woman should look."

Cheryl's impact on our readers has been so strong that we have received several letters nominating her for Sportsman of the Year. Her fan mail resulting from appearances in our pages comes from all over the world, and she answers every letter with a brief personal note or a picture.

"The reason for Cheryl's popularity is no big secret," says Campbell. "A girl can have a beautiful face, but if she doesn't have personality, nothing happens in front of the camera. Cheryl's got it, Christie's got it and so have the twins."

This last fact, we think you'll agree, is twice as nice.

offer to help her edit the swimsuit photographs like those in the story that begins on page 40.

"If a writer has just spent a week in Pittsburgh with Meen Joe Greene," says Campbell, "I can understand how he might think it would be more fun to spend a few days in Baja California with Cheryl Tiegs. But we really do work hard. This year I had the girls up every day between 4 and 5 a.m., we were on the beach by 5:30, and we usually worked until we lost the sun." In Cabo San Lucas, on the Tropic of Cancer, the sun begins to dip behind the mountains at 6 p.m. "After that it was dinner and off to bed," says Campbell. "We didn't see much of the good life of Baja."

For Yvonne and Yvette Sylvander, the 20-year-old yellow-haired twins on this week's cover, modeling on location was a new experience. They were doing ads for a bathing suit company when Campbell spotted their picture in *Women's Wear Daily*. She immediately called the manufacturer, who reluctantly gave her the Sylvanders' number, and reached the models' mother by phone. That conversation prompted Campbell



JULE CAMPBELL IN A CUSHY POSE

[illegible]

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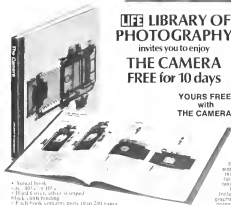


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A big, big idea. And one good idea leads to another (reduced fuel needs). And another (sharply re-

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A small town with a pretty big idea.



PHOTOGRAPHY

by NIEL LEIFER

TIPS FROM THE PRO TO THE AMATEUR ON HOW TO CATCH A GIRL ON THE BEACH

You've spent three anxious days waiting, the professional has spent three hours. You're at the local photo shop or the drugstore, he's at a million-dollar color lab. The anxiety is the same; neither of you can wait to get that first look at your pictures. The pro will often be watching as his still-wet film is put in the dryer. In 15 minutes he could see it dry, but who can wait? You have yet to count your change, but already you're holding up that first transparency to the ceiling light.

Photography tends to have that effect on people, but when the pictures are of a winter vacation, the "I-just-can't-wait-to-see-how-these-came-out" feeling is 10 times as strong. It's one thing to have the whole office envious of your deep tan, but even better to rub it in by showing off the big marlin you caught or this winter's new string suits.

Well, you've had a long look now, and while the photos of the kids are O.K., and your wife is as pretty as ever, you can't understand why the pictures of that living doll you couldn't resist shooting are nowhere near as good as that of Yvette and Yvonne Sylvander, this week's cover girls. Her string suit was covering (or not covering) just as beautiful a body and her smile was a 10 on anyone's scale. So what went wrong?

The problems one encounters at the beach or out on the water are among the toughest regularly faced by the amateur. The sand acts like a giant reflector. On a bright day overexposure is not only a problem for one's skin but for one's photographs.

There is a tendency, even among pros, not to believe the light meter. If you assume that your light meter is accurate away from the beach, why should it start lying now? Follow it! Remember to move in close with your light meter and read the skin tones of your subject; do not allow the reading to be influenced by extraneous light. A simple rule of thumb is to close down the lens at least 1 to 1½ f-stops. For example, when using Kodachrome 25, which I feel is the best film for surf and sand pictures, bright sunlight exposure away from the beach would be 1/125th at f8. On the beach this would become 1/125th between f11 and f16.

If your exposures are O.K., probably the main difference between your shots and the ones Kooriken Pakohaman took on the beach at Baja is that you are photographing at the wrong time of day. Chances are that most of your pictures were taken between 10 a.m. and four p.m. This is understandable because

photography is seldom one's first order of business at the beach and by late afternoon you've either used all your film, lost interest or your subjects have had enough of you and your dumb poses. The problem with shooting during these hours—is it especially bad at midday—is that you cannot avoid harsh shadows. Beautiful blue eyes don't come out well, even if you catch them between squints, when eye pockets are in shadow. The only way to get around this problem is to back-light—shoot with the sun behind your subject. You can take fine pictures this way, but they are seldom as good as ones shot late in the day.

Almost all professionally shot bathing-suit pictures are taken in the first hour after sunrise or in the hour or hour and a half before sunset. Since most of us are not at the beach at seven a.m., and even fewer are in the mood to pose then, I recommend shooting in the very late afternoon, when the light is the best. This applies to your boating shots as well. You'll find a number of things (all nice) happen when you've waited for the sun to begin to go down. Squinting is no longer a problem and her eyes, which earlier were in shadow, are now big as silver dollars, even while she is looking straight into the sun. As the sun drops closer to the horizon, your film tends to get warmer, until the skin tones become almost as pretty as the sunset itself. A word of caution about late afternoon shooting: be very careful with your exposures. The light level drops quickly, and it is necessary to consult your light meter often. One hour before sunset your Kodachrome exposure may be 1/125th at f8 (2 to 1½ f-stops less than at midday), and 30 minutes later you may easily have lost one to two stops.

Another thing to remember is that the beach and salt air are poison to your lenses and do little good to any part of your camera. I recommend using a skylight filter to protect your lens at all times. Better to have the salt air eat away at a \$7 filter than at the front element of a \$100 lens. When boating, especially, be sure to dry your camera quickly if it has been sprayed with salt water. On the water you might consider using a polarizing filter instead of the skylight filter. It will protect your lens as well as the skylight, and it eliminates glare and often creates a much more interesting sky, especially when there are white puffy clouds. In general it gives you the same view that you have through Polaroid sunglasses. However, when using a Polaroid filter, open up one f-stop to allow for the darkness of the filter.

Everything advocated here is equally applicable if home movie shooting happens to be your game. To sum up: shoot Kodachrome, shoot late in the day, be extra careful about your exposures and protect your equipment. Then all you have to do is let your eye rove.

END

The real thing —
in close-up

SHARKS THE SILENT SAVAGES Theo W. Brown



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Come to Marlboro

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

MOVING ON

The idea of switching the San Francisco Giants to Toronto disturbs baseball traditionalists, who like things to stay put—even though in the Giants' case it was the fans staying put at home instead of in the ball park that forced the issue. The trouble is, the traditionalists are thinking of the Golden Age, 1903-1952, when the two major leagues had teams in the same eight cities year after year for 50 years. But since the Braves broke the log jam by jumping from Boston to Milwaukee in 1953, the tradition of baseball has been to move. Indeed, the last three seasons, 1973-74-75, during which no new franchises were added and no old ones transferred, tied a record for constancy; only once before since 1953 have the majors gone three consecutive seasons without change. In fact, assuming the switch to Toronto is official, the big leagues can be divided into seven categories of mobility:

Original Clubs, Unmoved: (10) Boston, Cleveland, Chicago Cubs, Chicago White Sox, Cincinnati, Detroit, New York Yankees, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis.

Original Clubs, Moved Once: (3) Baltimore (St. Louis), Los Angeles (Brooklyn), Minnesota (Washington).

Original Clubs, Moved Twice: (3) Atlanta (Boston, Milwaukee), Oakland (Philadelphia, Kansas City), Toronto (New York, San Francisco).

Old New Clubs, Unmoved: (3) California, Houston, New York Mets.

Old New Clubs, Moved Once: (1) Texas (Washington).

New New Clubs, Unmoved: (3) Kansas City, Montreal, San Diego.

New New Clubs, Moved Once: (1) Milwaukee (Seattle).

SEX AND DRUGS

Dr. Dan Hanley, long involved in the U.S. Olympic program and currently a member of the International Olympic Committee's Medical Commission, says the money spent on sex and drug testing

required at the Olympic Games could be better used to educate athletes (and coaches) on the futility of trying to find the magic potion that guarantees success. Moreover, says Hanley, drug testing may be too sensitive. "Nose drops taken today can be detected in the urine tomorrow," he says, "and maybe even the day after that. Nose drops can hardly be called doping." In other words, the net is too fine, and the innocent are caught with the guilty.

As for sex testing, Hanley says the procedures are complicated and expensive and the results are "the same as what any nearsighted college boy could have told you with a glance across the street." He thinks the test should be abandoned. "If a nation wants to let a man compete in girl's clothing, let it," he says.

KICKING A GUY

You know about the Minnesota Fighting Saints of the World Hockey Association, whose management was unable to meet its payroll but whose players agreed to play for nothing for the time being. And whose supporters took up a collection for the team and even suggested that local churches take up a second collection on Sundays to help the Saints (the ice-skating ones). Well, you want to talk about trouble? Last week thieves climbed through a window into the club's box office and stole \$250 from the manager till. It never rains but it pours—even in snowbound Minnesota.

SNOW NEWS IS GOOD NEWS

Birders—yes, Virginia, they used to be called bird watchers—are having a tremendous time along the New England coast. Last year they spotted a Ross's gull, this past December an ivory gull and now—are you ready?—a smew.

The smew is a black and white waterfowl, a duck, whose normal habitat is Siberia and northern Finland. It was spotted at Green End Pond in Newport, R.I. by Charles Wood of the Audubon Society of Rhode Island. James Baird of

the Massachusetts Audubon Society says it was the first sighting ever of a smew on the Atlantic Coast and only the fourth in North American Audubon history. The smew is so rare here that it does not even appear on the standard checklist of birds published by the American Ornithologists' Union. Europe has had a dreadful winter, and Wood feels that a vast high-pressure system stretching across the northern part of that continent may have swirled the smew around and down to Rhode Island.

It was a male smew, if you're scoring.

NOT A Y'S GUY

Beyond their remarkable physical skills, the best athletes almost always display two sometimes overlooked qualities: consistence and concentration. The two are closely related, consistence depends to an exceptional degree on the ability



to concentrate one's efforts and attention on the problem of the moment. A great athlete cannot be distracted.

Bruce Jenner, who set a world record in the decathlon in 1975, recalls a bizarre example of such concentration in himself on his world-record day. "I went into the stands before the competition," he says, "and a boy asked me for my autograph. His last name was Young. I remember it because I could not remember then how to make a 'Y.' I just couldn't do it. That's intense."

FOUL PLAY

Home-team fans in the Charlotte Coliseum were glum and bored as visiting Virginia pulled steadily away from Da-

continued

vidson on the way to a 72-51 victory. Then, surprisingly, cheers arose from the Davidson crowd as sophomore Kevin Doherty went into the game midway in the second half.

"Now you'll see some action," gloated a frustrated Davidson student. "Doherty is the best hatchet man in basketball since Jungle Jim Loucanoff was playing for the Celtics."

The first time Doherty touched the ball he was called for charging. Fourteen seconds later he picked up another personal. Seventeen seconds after that he fouled Virginia's Billy Langlosh. A few seconds later Langlosh stole the ball from Doherty and went in for a layup: Doherty reacted by lofting Langlosh against the basket standards.

That made it four personals in 38 seconds, which may be an NCAA record. Doherty calmed down after that and lasted four more minutes before committing his fifth foul. Five minutes and six seconds after he entered the game he was back on the bench.

Davidson publicist Emil Parker said five fouls in 5:06 was a personal record for Doherty, surpassing his old mark of five in 9:39 against Wakeford.

"Kevin's still learning," said the Davidson sadist. "He'll do better than that with experience."

PAL TO PAL

O.K., that's Kevin Doherty. Now let us turn to Kevin Loughery, coach of the ABA's New York Nets. No one can say for sure that the juxtaposition of the "Kevin" with the feisty Irish rhythm of the last names causes the trouble, but these lads certainly do stir things up on a basketball floor. In a game last week against the Virginia Squires, the Nets drew nine technical fouls, which surely would be a pro basketball record if such records were kept. And—for the best performance by an individual—six of them were charged to the volatile Loughery for vehemently protesting an alleged zone defense by the Squires, which is illegal, and then blatantly ordering his team to play a zone in retaliation. The automatic fines for the technicals added up to \$750, and Loughery was ejected from the game.

The next day he was called into the office of Commissioner Dave DeBusschere, who is Loughery's former boss, teammate and roommate and present tennis partner and close friend. With the rest

of the league watching very carefully, the commissioner, often accused of being too soft, came down on his pal hard: he fined Loughery an additional \$1,000 and suspended him for two games, only the second suspension of a coach in the league's history. "There is a certain code of conduct we expect our coaches and players to follow," said DeBusschere, "and Kevin Loughery stepped beyond that line. I have been assured by him that there will never again be a need for a meeting between the two of us on a matter concerning bench or floor conduct."

You got it, Kevin? Now let's go play tennis and grab a couple of beers.

GETTING INTO THE ACT

As a salute to the Bicentennial, the Delaware Sports Club put on a race in Wilmington last Sunday that was exactly 17.76 kilometers long. If you're interested, that works out to 11 miles, 70 yards, one foot, 2½ inches. Larry Schemlin's winning time of one hour and two seconds set a world record for the distance. It couldn't miss.

RULES IS RULES

In the same mail last week with the 1976 edition of "The Rules of Golf" came something called "The Rules of Golf for Good Players Whose Scores Would Reflect Their True Ability if Only They Got an Even Break Once in a While." These rules, adapted from those proposed by the Union Printers Golf Club in Baltimore, have some appealing provisions.

- A ball sliced or hooked into the rough shall be lifted and placed in the fairway at a point equal to the distance it carried or rolled in the rough. Such veering right or left frequently results from friction between the face of the club and the cover of the ball, and the player should not be penalized for erratic behavior of the ball resulting from such uncontrollable mechanical phenomena.

- A ball hitting a tree shall be deemed not to have hit the tree. Hitting a tree is simply bad luck and has no place in a scientific game. The player should estimate the distance the ball would have traveled if it had not hit the tree and play the ball from there, preferably from atop a nice firm tuft of grass.

- There shall be no such thing as a lost ball. The missing ball is on or near the course somewhere and eventually will be found and pocketed by someone else. It thus becomes a stolen ball, and the play-

er should not compound the felony by charging himself with a penalty stroke.

- In or near a bunker or sand trap, a ball rolling back toward the player may be hit again on the roll without counting an extra stroke or strokes. In any case, no more than two strokes are to be counted in playing from a bunker, since it is reasonable to assume that if the player had time to concentrate on his shot, instead of hurrying it so as not to delay his playing partners, he would be out in two.

- If a putt passes over the hole without dropping, it is deemed to have dropped. The law of gravity holds that any object attempting to maintain a position in the atmosphere without something to support it must drop. The law of gravity supersedes the law of golf.

- Same thing goes for a ball that stops at the brink of the hole and hangs there, defying gravity. You cannot defy the law.

- Same thing goes for a ball that runs the cup. A ball should not go sideways. This violates the law of physics.

- A putt that stops close enough to the cup to inspire such comments as "You could blow it in" may be blown in. This rule does not apply if the ball is more than three inches from the hole, because no one wants to make a travesty of the game.

THEY SAID IT

- Bill Lee, Boston Red Sox pitcher, on his current visit to mainland China: "Now I'll get to see the real Big Red Machine."

- Ken Shipp, New York Jets coach, on his days as assistant coach and baby-sitter to players at the University of Miami and especially the one who went out to look at a hurricane: "There was no way I was going out in that storm after him. Besides, the kid wasn't even a regular."

- John W. Oliver, Federal judge presiding in the hearing on baseball's reserve clause, "Public confidence in baseball could be undermined when we find there is more legal news on the sports pages than in the other parts of the paper."

- Pete Rose, on his speed on the bases: "I'm not a great runner, I'm no Joe Morgan, but I'm not bad for a white guy."

- H. K. (Coote) Reeves, football coach at Hokes Bluff (Ala.) high school, after his team was trounced 55-0 by Hazelwood in the state Class 2A championships: "If we hadn't given them those first four touchdowns, it might have been different."

END

Stress can rob you of vitamins



How stress can deplete your body's stores of water-soluble B and C vitamins. Stress can upset your body's equilibrium. When it does, you may need to replace the water-soluble vitamins, B-complex and C. Unlike the fat soluble vitamins, your body doesn't stockpile these essential nutrients. During times of continued stress—when you may be affected in many ways—your body may use up more B and C vitamins than your daily meals provide.

What may cause stress. If the diet is inadequate, severe injury or infection, chronic overwork, too many martini lunches, fad dieting—any one of these conditions may create stress and may cause water-soluble vitamin depletion.

Why many doctors recommend STRESSTABS® 600 High Potency Stress Formula Vitamins.

STRESSTABS 600 has a single purpose: to help you correct a water soluble vitamin deficiency. With 600 mg. of Vitamin C, and B-complex vitamins, high potency STRESSTABS 600 can help restore water-soluble vitamin losses and help maintain good nutritional balance. STRESSTABS 600 satisfies your body's above-normal water soluble vitamin requirements by providing above-normal quantities of these vitamins. STRESSTABS 600 also contains the U.S. Recommended Daily Allowance of natural Vitamin E.

Talk to the experts about STRESSTABS 600. Ask your doctor and pharmacist what they think of this different brand of vitamin. Available, without a prescription, at your drug store in bottles of 60 tablets or trial bottles of 30.

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THIS WAS DÉTENTE, PHILLY STYLE

Oblivious to the sweet uses of diplomacy, the Flyers brought a large measure of solace to the Soviet-ravaged NHL by giving their visitors a vigorous mauling in the series' game of champions

by MARK MULVOY

Listen, Dr. Kissinger, would you kindly explain the meaning of your word *détente* to Bobby Clarke and all the Philadelphia Flyers before they get involved in another international incident? Clarke probably thinks *détente* is some new Parisian after-shave lotion. Playing Boy Scout and being hospitable and diplomatic with the Russians is, in Clarke's language, treachery, Henry, not *détente*. "I hate the S.O.B.s," Clarke snarled last Sunday as the Stanley Cup champion Flyers squared off against Moscow's Central Army Club in hockey's first Super Bowl at the packed Spectrum.

No matter, this was never going to be another one of those "friendlies," as the Soviets like to call their games with the "professionals" from North America. In their earlier friendlies the Army Club—champion of the Soviet major league reinforced by the addition of two stars from Moscow Dynamo—had whipped the New York Rangers and the Boston Bruins, and tied the Montreal Canadiens. Meanwhile, their comrades, the Wings of the Soviets, bolstered by four Moscow Spartak stars, including the brilliant left wing Alexander Yakushev, had defeated the Pittsburgh Penguins, the Chicago Black Hawks and the New York Islanders, losing only to the Buffalo Sabres.

"We're in a weird position," said Philadelphia Coach Fred Shero. "All year long people keep telling us that we're bad for hockey, bad for the NHL, bad for Canada because we're too rough. Now we're supposed to save the game for the NHL, for Canada, for everyone. Hah! For the first time we're the good guys."

"The way we figured it," said Flyer Defenseman Joe Watson, "we had to hit the Russians and hit them again every time we had the chance. If you let them skate around and play dippy doodle with the puck, they'll kill you. If you hit them, though, they'll play just like any ordinary hockey team." For the first 10 minutes on Sunday the Flyers did not just hit the Soviets, they assaulted them. Dave (Hammer) Schultz rubbed his glove in Boris Mikhailov's face. Andre (Moose) Dupont waved his stick under Mikhailov's nose. Ed (Zorro) Van Impe tattooed the stomachs of Alexander Maltsev and Boris Alexandrov. Bill Barber rearranged Valery Vasiliev's helmet. And Clarke reintroduced his hockey stick to Valery Kharlamov's ankle. Clarke had damaged that ankle in the Team Canada-Soviet series of '72. "They didn't like it," Watson said.

What the Soviets particularly did not like was Van Impe's check or elbow or

butt end that decked Kharlamov for a 10 count at 11:21 of the first period. When Referee Lloyd Gilmour failed to signal Van Impe for a penalty, Army Club Coach Konstantin Loktev called his players to the bench in protest. Gilmour, in turn, gave the Soviets a two-minute penalty for delay of game. Now Loktev was so irate that he ordered his players off the ice and back into their dressing room. "I had no complaints about the referee," he said later. "My complaints were about the players. It was their intention to damage our players. We never play such animal hockey in the Soviet Union, and we had not seen such animal hockey in this series."

NHL President Clarence Campbell and several of his aides rushed to the Army Club's dressing room to caucus with Loktev and his Soviet bosses. "They told us they wanted to take their players back to the Soviet Union in one piece, not on stretchers," said NHL Chief of Referees Scotty Morrison. "As far as I was concerned, they were trying to intimidate Gilmour into calling a one-sided game." Flyer Board Chairman Ed Snider

continued

Moose Dupont's bid to hand Valery Kharlamov his head was in the brusque Flyer tradition.





Tretiak, a magnificent goaltender, blocks a Flyer shot

PHILLY DÉTENTE *continued*

hardly needed an interpreter to get his message across to the Russians. If they did not return to the ice, the NHL would not pay the \$200,000 guaranteed to them for the series.

So, after some locker-room brinkmanship and a 16-minute delay, the Army Club skated back onto the ice to a thunderous chorus of boos. "I knew they'd come back," Clarke said, "because they wanted the money." Morrison promised the Soviets nothing. "They wanted a guarantee of no fighting the rest of the game," he said, "and they wanted us to rescind that delay-of-game penalty. No way."

The Flyers capitalized on their power play 16 seconds after the game resumed. Reggie Leach reouting a Bill Barber shot past Goaltender Vladislav Tretiak to give Philadelphia, the NHL and Canada a 1-0 lead. And it soon became obvious that the Flyers had intimidated the Russian players to the point where they had developed the familiar NHL disease called the Philadelphia Flu.

Van Impe and friends cleaned up their act slightly, but they still rapped every Soviet player who dared handle the puck. Philadelphia scored another goal minutes later, Rick MacLesh, the swiftest skater on the ice, beating Tretiak on a breakaway, and through the first period the Flyers outshot the Army Club 17-2. For the remainder of the game the Flyers thwarted the Soviets with Shero's latest defensive creation, something called the four-and-one. Four Flyers set up along the blue line, and the fifth, al-

ways the center—MacLesh, Clarke, Terry Crisp or Orest Kindrachuk—pursues the puck carrier. "The other NHL clubs chased the Russians around and got themselves trapped up ice," Barber said. "Why chase them? They had to come to the blue line sometime. And when they came up ice, we knocked them off the puck."

Philadelphia thoroughly befuddled the nervous Russians the rest of the way, pouring 49 shots at the beleaguered Tretiak while the Army Club, unable to organize its normally efficient short-passing game, managed just 13 at Wayne Ste-

phenson. In the end the Flyers scored a convincing 4-1 victory and, as Shero asserted, were "the champions of the world." For his part, Loktev was emphasizing the plain truth that the Soviets had won hockey's first Super Series with five victories, two defeats and one tie. "We certainly expected the Russians to defeat our mediocre teams," said NHL President Clarence Campbell. "As far as I am concerned, the critical result of the series was that they did not defeat any one of our top three teams—Philadelphia, Montreal or Buffalo." (They're going to love Clarence in Boston.)

Nevertheless, the series had been a humbling experience for the once-lordly NHL. As they surveyed the defeats, some league officials and players attempted to pass off the Soviet triumphs as meaningless exhibitions and even went so far as to suggest that the NHL ought to avoid such competition in the future. One general manager grumbled, "How can we keep charging a \$12 top for games against Washington and St. Louis and California when it's pretty obvious that we're not the best league in the world anymore?"

Campbell rejected both cop outs. "We cannot claim we're the best by brushing aside our principal rivals," he said. "We cannot solve any credibility question by running from the Soviets. Why deceive people? Our own credibility has been waning, anyway. Why? Some of our fat cats, plainly and simply, are not putting

out. This age of affluence in hockey has watered down the zest of far too many players. We need a new era—like these games with the Soviets—in order to re-establish our own identity."

Before the Philadelphia debacle Vyacheslav Koloskov, the Campbell of the Soviet Union, suggested, "Maybe now the NHL should invite a few of our league clubs to compete for the Stanley Cup." Campbell answered Koloskov with a mouthful of *nyets*. "The deed of trust for the Stanley Cup will not permit it," he said. "In fact, we are stretching that deed right now. The Stanley Cup is supposed to be given to the champion of Canada, and Philadelphia is not in Canada." What Campbell has proposed to Koloskov is an annual eight-game series between the Stanley Cup and the U.S.S.R. champions, starting this November.

Right up to the Philadelphia massacre the Soviet players had enjoyed themselves immensely in North America. Tretiak and his Army comrades saw a porno flick in Montreal, danced the hustle at Lucifer's in Boston, battled the bargain

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM TIBBO



The Soviets wait out in the first period to protest the "aimed" behavior of their hosts

hunters in Filene's basement and discovered that Kentucky fried chicken really is finger-lickin' good.

Yakushev and the Soviet Wings maintained a lower profile, but did raid New York's Orchard Street discount shops, buying everything from baby rattles in Levi's for their wives, to Elton John records for their stereos and Beach Boys tapes for their Volga decks. "We got some very good deals," Yakushev said with a smile.

Out on the ice both Soviet teams generally played textbook hockey, and they baffled most of their NHL rivals with perfect execution of the game's most subtle tactics. They passed the puck accurately, artfully and often—maybe too often. They trapped adventurous forecheckers, and neatly removed them from the action. They patiently advanced on the power play until their extra man suddenly had the puck at point-blank range. They ignored virtually all invitations to exchange punches and they took some theatrical falls to invite the officials' attention to the naughtier NHL men.

"George C. Scott had better watch out," said Boston Coach Don Cherry after observing Mikhailov dive onto the ice when Wayne Cashman rapped him with his stick. After playing dead for several minutes Mikhailov was led to the Army Club bench. "I thought we'd never see him again," Cherry said. Thirty seconds later Mikhailov was back on the ice. "I was surprised that he got back from the hospital so fast," said Cashman. "Hell, I hit my kids harder on their rears than I hit him."

Predictably, the NHL teams tried to blunt the skillful maneuvers of the Soviets with a persistent body-bending attack designed to wear down the speedier visitors. While the Wings seemed to lose heart when Buffalo's Jerry Korab rattled Yakushev into the boards three times in the first few minutes and, in fact, went on to lose the game by the wipeout score of 12-6, the Soviet players gave as many body checks as they received, at least until Sunday—and outscored their eight NHL rivals 35-31.

Tretiak, meanwhile, was the basic robot goaltender once again. "Tretiak always has his balance," said Montreal Goaltender Ken Dryden, "and he always has proper position." According to the statistics Tretiak was terribly overworked in comparison to his NHL rivals, as the Army Club was outshot by the collective total of 168-75, but, in fact, he had a less difficult job—or so Dryden believes. "It's easier to play against NHL teams than Soviet or European clubs, because we have no deception," Dryden said. "A player lifts up his stick and shoots the puck. Tretiak sees that, and has plenty of time to get ready. Once European and Russian goaltenders get over the initial shock of the force of our shots—and the shock of seeing our players shoot from everywhere on the ice—then their jobs are very simple. Our system is not that challenging to Tretiak."

What the Soviets also showed is that they can be the most potent offensive hockey machine in the world, even though they employ slap shots only about once a month. "What has never been said before," admitted Boston Managing Director Harry Sinden, who coached Team Canada in the 1972 war against the Soviets, "is that from certain ranges these guys are much better goal scorers than we are. They never waste

their opportunities. They seem to be saying, 'Hey, what's the rush?' Then, zing! The puck is in the net."

For sure, the Soviet attack theory is based not on the number of shots they take but their quality. "They have a different approach," Dryden said. "Their game is geared to quickness: the quick pass, the quick release of a shot, the quick stick handle. Our game is power. The big windup and the big shot. The Soviets are not only quick but calculating. When we say a team had 15 shots in a period, that's supposed to be something exceptional. Well, the Army Club had only 13 shots against us the whole game but still got a tie."

Although they hardly got what they wanted in Philadelphia, the Russians did make converts at at least one NHL city. "From now on," said Bill Jennings, president of the New York Rangers, who were routed by the Army Club 7-3 in the series opener, "we're doing our recruiting in Russia not Canada." Are you listening, Henry?

END

Excited Flyers celebrate their initial goal.



THE BLATHER BEFORE THE BATTLE

Miami's air-conditioned suites are wall-to-wall with gibberish these days as the experts play Super Bowl X days before the coin toss, snowing each other with in-talk and drowning in their own clichés **By DAN JENKINS**

It all depends on how effectively the Dallas Cowboys can split the tackles and banjo the ends."

"Ordinarily, yeah, but you can't strum a defense like Pittsburgh's, even with Tom Landry's multiloop."

"Remember that on offense the Steelers have to deal with the Dallas flex. If anything, this is the easiest job Landry has ever had. All he has to do is stop one man, Franco Harris."

"Since when is Dallas so brainy? Everybody knows they went to the spread because Roger Staubach can't read defenses. You laugh about Terry Bradshaw, but I haven't seen any Phi Beta Kappa key hanging around Staubach's neck."

"You didn't see him throwing five in-

terceptions in the two playoff games, either. Or presiding over eight lost fumbles. Dallas is peaking at the right time, and with Staubach and Landry the Cowboys have them outquarterbacked and outcoached."

"Granted, Dallas would be 6-8 and staying home without Staubach, but where do you think the Steelers would be without Bradshaw?"

"A 21-point favorite instead of seven, probably."

The two men were among the 17,567 sportswriters, broadcasters and filmmakers gathered in the National Football League's hospitality suite in a Miami Beach hotel. They had been standing for 57 hours, waiting in the line before a table of wild card hors d'oeuvres, and awaiting, also, the kickoff of Super Bowl X. For the two conversationalists, and many others, the game would be over before it was played.

"You've heard of Pittsburgh's front four, I gather?" said the man who liked the Steelers. "They lead the most intim-

idating defense ever. Inasmuch as nobody can even name a Dallas running back, how do you think the Cowboys are going to do anything on the ground?"

"They don't need a running back with Rayfield Wright and Blaine Nye blocking. You apparently didn't see Wright fold up the Rams' Jack Youngblood, put him in an envelope and mail him back to Florida."

"Youngblood isn't L. C. Greenwood. And with the run cut off, Staubach has nothing left to do but throw the ball to Mel Blount or Jack Lambert, or get sacked by Ernie Holmes."

"The Steelers' front four make their linebackers, and their linebackers make their secondary. In reality, their secondary is overrated. On the other hand, Dallas has six starters on defense who have also won a Super Bowl, and the Cowboys could play defense on tranquilizers if necessary."

"You're not saying Dallas is going to be able to run, are you?"

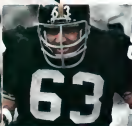
"I'm saying they'll run better than you think because the Steelers will have more to worry about than they're accustomed to. It's hard to be physical and intimidating when you're confused and trying to be careful."

"I'm sorry, but Robert Wodehouse isn't Franco Harris."

"It's Newberry, not Wodehouse. Anyhow, he's gained over 1,000 yards in 16 games so Wright and Nye must be blocking pretty good. Don't forget that against overall tougher teams, Dallas' total offense is three football fields better than Pittsburgh's. And the combination of Newhouse, Preston Pearson and Doug Dennison has outgained Franco by nearly 600 yards."

"That's dumb. The whole world knows Minnesota and the Rams had phony schedules. And everybody knows the NFC still hasn't caught up with the AFC. It's no accident the American has won six of the last seven Super Bowls."

"Listen, Dallas beat a better Minnesota team, in Minnesota, than Pittsburgh beat in last year's Super Bowl, and the



When the chatter stops, Roger Staubach will confront Jack Lambert and Ernie Holmes.

17-14 game almost wasn't even close."

"The Cowboys are too much finesse, gadgets and talk."

"Used to be. The rookie enthusiasm and talent turned the Cowboys around this year. Now they hit and finesse. Also, they've become a happy team. All of the complainers are gone, like Duane Thomas, Calvin Hill, Hayes, Morton, Parks and Gent."

A spokesman for CBS-TV entered the hospitality suite and announced that the network had decided to extend its Super Bowl pregame coverage to include a 90-minute special on Phyllis George's childhood, part one.

"There are a few other interesting statistics you obviously haven't considered," said the man who fancied the Cowboys. "The Dallas defense gave up only one touchdown in the two playoff games. And over the season the front four—Too Tall Jones, Jethro Pugh, Harvey Martin and Larry Cole or Bill Gregory—gave up only 3.6 yards to the run compared to the Steelers giving up 4.2 per play. And again, Dallas played a more rugged schedule, if you pay any attention to wins and losses."

"You can do anything you want with statistics. Turn it around. Pittsburgh had 13 turnovers against Baltimore and Oakland and still won easily. That's the mark of a great team, to play bad and still win. Now they're due to play good."

"Do you realize that if Franco Harris played for Dallas, the game would be a mismatch? He's gained half their rushing yardage. Don't tell me a good coach with good athletes can't stop one man, even if he's the best there is."

"You're giving Landry and Dallas all the credit for intelligence. Chuck Noll is no fool."

"That's true, but he's the only NFL coach in a press conference who can make Tom Landry sound like Don Rickles."

A spokesman for NFL Films entered the hospitality suite and announced that they had a crew shooting an in-flight entertainment special on Pete Rozelle's five favorite lawyers.

"Let's get serious," said the Pittsburgh man. "The clues to the game are only partly the matchups. We know Ralph Neely will be able to hold Dwight White sometimes and get away with it. Nye might do a decent job on Greene, and

Wright will be the best Greenwood has seen. But Burton Lawless is a rookie, and he can't handle Holmes. And the Dallas center, John Fitzgerald, can't look to snap the ball on the spread and then go after Lambert with any real fury. Pittsburgh's linebackers are the only ones around good enough to help cover Drew Pearson and Golden Richards and still keep Staubach from scrambling. I see Dallas disarmed and panicking."

"You have to go to the intangibles. Dallas isn't supposed to win, which gives the Cowboys the psychological advantage. It's the same kind of advantage that other Super Bowl winners have had, like the Jets, the Kansas City Chiefs and Baltimore. I can't believe that if either Landry or Noll is going to join Vince Lombardi and Don Shula as a two-time Super Bowl winner, that it won't be Landry. I also can't believe that if either Staubach or Bradshaw is going to join Bart Starr and Bob Griese as a two-time Super Bowl winner, that it won't be Staubach."

"You're insisting it's Dallas' year, no matter what, because of their luck in the playoffs?"

"Because they've developed slowly. Pittsburgh was 17 points better than anybody the NFC had in late November. But the Steelers have dropped off while Dallas has come on. The Steelers have no reason to respect Dallas, but the Cowboys are stronger in all but six or seven positions, including quarterback. Only nobody knows it except Dallas. Plus, for one game, you've got to like Landry's experience. His game plans for Minnesota and Los Angeles were brilliant."

"I say Dallas enthusiasm will become stage fright. Pittsburgh could win big."

"Not with Dallas wearing white jerseys."



Two Cowboys—Too Mean Martin and Too Tall Jones—will manacle Quarterback Terry Bradshaw.

"What?"

"Dallas can only win the big game in white jerseys. It's a superstition, but it holds up. The first question Tex Schramm asked somebody from the NFL in Los Angeles was whether Dallas got to wear white in the Super Bowl. The Cowboys are wearing white."

"The color of a jersey can't stop Franco Harris."

"The Dallas defense will take the outside away from him. It will be up to the Pittsburgh defense to come from behind, and the Steelers won't be able to force big plays against the multibook. They'll be hitting each other and wondering where Staubach and Drew Pearson went."

A spokesman for the Cowboys entered the hospitality suite and announced that the day's practice went well. Staubach hit the Streak-Q-PF regularly against the animated Triple-Crease jibber quark of the Steelers. A Steeler spokesman said Noll was mainly concerned about Dallas' ability to split the tackles and banjo the ends.

"What does that mean, anyhow?" asked the fellow from Pittsburgh.

"It's something coaches say a lot," said the other man. "Why would you ask a sportswriter such a question?" **END**



Skating competitively at Broadmoor's World Arena, Dorothy confirmed the inevitable.

WHEN YOU'RE NO. 7 YOU TRY HARDER

Nobody would knock Dorothy Hamill off the Olympic team, but back in the pack, a triple threat was coming on fast **by JEANNETTE BRUCE**

In the closed-shop sport of figure skating, a defending champion is rarely deposed. Most often champions reign through an Olympics and a world meet or two, then defect to an ice show, sequins and all. But what the game misses in suspense it makes up in intrigue. The fans and experts applaud the inevitable, then get down to the far grittier business of following the infighting among the contenders struggling to become next in line. All of which pretty much made up the script in Colorado Springs last week at the U.S. nation-

al championships and Olympic Trials.

The faithful flocked to the Broadmoor Hotel to salute Dorothy Hamill, 19, twice the U.S. champion and the world silver medalist, a queen who is so locked into the role that chances are she could have sent in her performance by mail. Not that Hamill isn't deserving; she is as much a victim of the system as anyone. Her jumps were high, her landings light and she crackled with championship pose. She had smoked them all off earlier in the compulsory school figures, and her crown was secure.

"Hamill could lose," insisted one admirer. "Sure," answered a cynic. "If she falls down five times or disappears in a blinding flash." And with the champion piling up points, attention turned to the icy scramble shaping up for second and third spots. Leading contenders were Wendy Burge, 18, who had placed second in last year's nationals, and Kath Malmberg, 19, who had finished third. Experts also gave an outside chance to Barbie Smith, 16, of Westminster, Calif., and Priscilla (Tinker Bell) Hill, 14, of Lexington, Mass. Both girls are capable of whipping off into triple jumps, a flashy and perilous move that calls for 3½ revolutions in midair. Not everybody can pull it off, including the champion, who is reluctant to get caught that far off the ice. Still, the triple, once a move limited to men skaters, is becoming standard with many of the women. And last of all, nobody in all Colorado paid any attention to a 5'3" 85-pounder named Linda Fratianne, of Los Angeles, the Pacific Coast freestyle champion, who had placed an out-of-sight seventh in last year's nationals. As they say in commercials, back to Linda in a moment.

To confuse the issues further, two of the best women figure skaters in the world, both Americans, were not even there to take on the U.S. champion. Most conspicuously absent was world champion Dianne deLeeuw, of Paramount, Calif., a dynamic athlete who competes for the Netherlands despite the fact that she is U.S. born and was sharpened to top class in this country. DeLeeuw carries dual citizenship, a legal sleight-of-hand thing they do with passports, which has enabled her to avoid standing in the American competition chorus-line to wait her turn with everybody else. Another absentee was Susanna Driano, 18, the Italian champion, who skates under the same arrangement. Driano, also winner of this year's Canadian International competition, trains in Denver with Hamill's coach, Carlo Fassi, the man who brought us Peggy Fleming, but she too skips all U.S. events. DeLeeuw preps for the Olympics under the care of Coach Doug Chapman in California, then jets off to Europe for competition. So much for the system: the U.S. moves its skaters up in lockstep, in countries like the Netherlands and Italy it is a lot eas-

her to make the Olympic team right away.

Marching through feathery snowflakes that might have been ordered for the occasion, the Air Force Academy band trooped to the arena, followed by children dressed in tri-corner hats, white breeches and gold-braided red jackets, like so many miniature George Washingtons setting out for the Delaware.

Inside the hall Hamill breezed through the seven prescribed moves to take first in the short program, her two minutes of ice time fiery, clean and admirable, as always. Malmberg, solid but unspectacular, placed second, trailed by the businesslike Burge. Barbie Smith finished the program, but withdrew when an earlier leg injury flared up. Priscilla Hill, despite a breathtaking performance, drew modest marks—far too modest by crowd reaction.

"What they don't understand," said one old skate who approves of the system, "is that Priscilla is being groomed for the next four years." In Olympic year 1980 Hill will be 18 and presumably ripe for stardom, unless she can rummage into her ancestry and produce a foreign link to dual citizenship. Now back to Linda Fratianne.

Sprinting across the rink in an explosion of 15-year-old energy, Linda put on a performance that made some of the

other offerings look like training films for beginners. Even the judges raised their predisposed heads. Still, Fratianne had placed only fourth in school figures, 30% of her total score, and it did not seem likely that she could overtake Burge or Malmberg. "No way," said the old skate. "We do not send unknown quantities to the Olympics." When her short program was over, with the finals to follow, Fratianne was in the fourth spot.

The intervening men's program only served to build suspense. Three-time champion Gordon McKellen Jr. had vacated the role and grabbing for it were David Santee, 18, who had unexpectedly placed first in compulsories; world free-style champion (not to be confused with world champion) Terry Kubicka, 19; and an old nationals regular, Charles Tickner, 22. When the ice chips settled, Kubicka was the new national champion and Innsbruck-bound, backed up by Santee. Tickner was out of it; third place went to Scott Cramer. The senior women took to the ice again.

Fans packing the arena did not have to wait long for their darling; Hamill was first in the draw. Gliding prettily into action, she started out strongly with an open axel, followed by a perfect double axel. But she leaned badly on her next double axel. The bobbie must have upset her, for that was, in effect, the end of her four-minute program.

Fassi, perhaps forgetting that ABC-TV had attached a live microphone to his body, paced unhappily at the side of the rink, spluttering. "Do de loop," and, "Were is de flip?" His English, usually smooth, worsened in direct proportion to his mounting frustration. He gradually became incomprehensible, while Hamill, finishing her program without loop or flip, skated off. A competitor is not penalized for moves not attempted, and the judges overlooked the unexciting performance, awarding Hamill 5.8s and 5.9s out of possible perfect 6.0s. A scattered chorus of boos challenged this generosity, but the crowd was soon to get its money's worth.

Out darted Fratianne, coursing the rink like a dervish, leaping into a triple salchow and driving that move home with a triple toe loop followed by a double axel and two double toe loops. Her exuberance was contagious, her skill undeniable. Before she had finished, the crowd was on its feet, shouting for justice. The judges, perhaps sensing multi-

ty, rewarded Fratianne an average of 5.8 for technical merit and 5.7 for artistic impression. Would it be sufficient—not for the championship, of course—but to make the team? Malmberg, unlucky enough to follow that act, was shaky enough as well to ensure that it was. The crowd grew more restive. Burge came on with two high, strong double axels, but miscalculated a double flip. (Burge, like Hamill, has not been able to master triples.) Silently, the crowd waited as judges added up ordinals and points, then announced the results. Still national champion and now leader of the 1976 U.S. Olympic team: Dorothy Hamill (surprise); second place, Linda Fratianne, who had sneaked ahead of Wendy Burge by a narrow margin.

When it was all over, the three-girl U.S. Olympic team stood under bright lights, fielding questions. What had Hamill thought of her program, a reporter asked. "I found the ice slow," said Dorothy. "Oh," piped up Fratianne, rolling big blue eyes, "I didn't notice." And, naturally, nobody mentioned the two missing American girls, both of whom are absolute demons for high-jumping triples. Nor did they mention that Hamill, queen of all she surveys in this country, has her work cut out for her in Innsbruck.

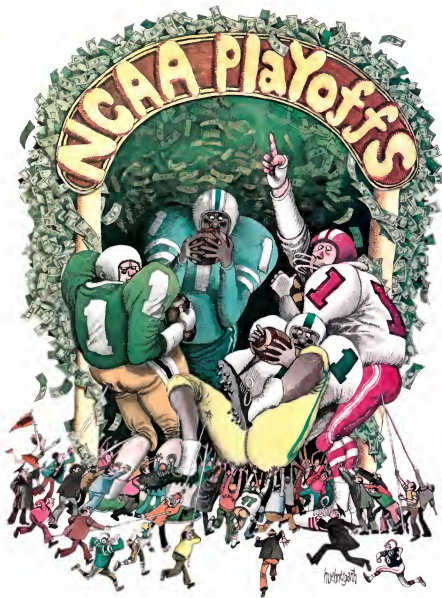
END

Seventh last year, Linda Fratianne moved up.



After a laughter, Hamill faces a tough job.





FOOTBALL'S DILEMMA: BOWLS OR PLAYOFFS

In St. Louis this week, NCAA schools will vote on a proposal setting up a tournament to select a national champion. Advocates say it would not affect the bowls, but the author claims it would kill them by JOHN UNDERWOOD

What are they doing there in St. Louis this week, those delegates to the NCAA convention? Why, they are going to see if they can change college football—"for the better," of course. The device under consideration is a playoff system designed to produce each year a national collegiate football champion bearing the official stamp. And to accomplish this they are going to see once more if they can make live or so major conferences and a number of prominent independents bow to the whim of the McNeese States and Lannar Universities. They are talking about instituting a process that would inexorably devalue the bowl games, and at the same time risk diminishing fat revenues from two major television networks. And, not to exclude those who make it all possible, they are going to see if they can give our young athletes a chance to work even harder for less reward, less being what has been legislated for them regularly in recent years.

They are going to do this, if the vote goes that way, by transcending "meaningless" bowl games with a meaningless playoff series that will provide ABC, as the likely recipient of the package, a ratings windfall. The schools that never go to a bowl or contend for the national championship—and don't much care, but do vote—will receive perhaps a few extra bucks, unguaranteed. The offices of the NCAA, which do not make a penny

off the bowl games but reap 50% of the net from the NCAA-run basketball playoffs, will get a financial boost. And the fans of college football will have the illusion of recognizing a single winner (or "national champion") and, *quod pro quo*, 133 losers. It's surefire stuff in the National Football League, where they do it every year. Of course, the NFL only has to crown 25 losers.

A group of college administrators (coaches, athletic directors, conference representatives, but no bowl people) known as the NCAA Playoffs Feasibility Study Committee, headed up by a former baseball coach named Ernie Casale, athletic director at Temple, has passed on to the NCAA Council and the Executive Committee this beguiling prospect. The group's proposal is to be voted on at the meeting in St. Louis. To become NCAA law it needs only a simple majority of the 134 football-playing members of Division I.

On the surface the plan of Casale's group seems reasonable enough. It offers a post-bowl playoff. It recommends that either two of the bowl contestants or four be selected by a committee on Jan. 2, 1977 to play for the championship. Once the playoffs get rolling, Casale says, a more comprehensive format can be created. Casale admits it would be simpler if there were no bowls, though he insists "nobody wants to hurt the bowl games." Jim Armstrong, president of the Orange Bowl, says that the plan would not hurt the bowls—it would be their death knell.

Armstrong's is the majority opinion of bowl people. This does not face Casale. He says if the bowls should go under, the playoffs would then expand easily into a full-fledged tournament, with quarterfinals, semifinals, the works. But not to worry, says Casale. The bowls, he says, really will be enhanced by the playoffs.

Well, if that's the case, why are the bowl committees screaming? Why does William H. Nicholas, chairman of the Rose Bowl football committee, say he is "opposed," and that so are the Big Ten and Pacific Eight Conferences, which supply the Rose teams? Why did faculty representatives of those two leagues vote against the playoff plan? Why does Boyd McWhorter of the SEC say his league is "categorically opposed"? Why is Wayne Duke of the Big Ten "definitely opposed"? And why does Chuck Neinas of the Big Eight call the plan a "peg in a poke"? Why, indeed, has every major bowl and conference except the ACC expressed opposition?

Some very knowledgeable people are for playoffs. Bud Wilkinson, the ex-Oklahoma coach and resident ABC-TV football analyst, is one. Wilkinson agrees with Casale that since the colleges play to championships in every other major sport it would be "philosophically sound" for them to play through to a football championship, and thus stop relying on the bad mechanism of wire service polls. Wilkinson argues accurately that the colleges give December away to the pros, and that some format incorporating the major bowls should be adopted to take advantage of that month.

"The bowls as they are," says Wilkinson (though professing to be a "bowl man from way back"), "do not prove a thing." And *The New York Times* columnist Dave Anderson said recently that the bowl games in their present makeup are a drag. The fact that the Rose Bowl game consistently ranks higher in the *Nielsen* TV ratings than all the pro football playoffs save the Super Bowl does not alter these opinions. Neither, it would seem, does the fact that bowl results have had a direct bearing on the final polls every year since 1969, when the Associated Press switched to a post-bowl ballot. Nor the fact that the polls are weekly stimuli to nationwide interest in the college game.

The question to be answered, however, is not what the bowls prove but what the playoffs would prove. Most college football playoff schemes are no more than ex-

Their eyes on fresh dollars, smaller schools may push the reluctant giants into playoffs.

continued

tensions of the season, with an arbitrary selection process that would be no less controversial or objectionable than the polls. Anderson says that the playoff plan of Casale's group is "similar to the NFL's." It could not be more dissimilar. With only 26 teams, the NFL is geared for the purpose of exalting one winner. In the NCAA, even if another in-house proposal to group the major conferences and leading independents in an upper bracket of 81 schools is enacted, the dilemma of choosing among the contenders would continue to be staggering.

Had a committee been required to choose two teams from the bowl results of the season past, how much noise would have come out of Alabama if Oklahoma and Arizona State, ranked 1-2 in the final polls, were selected? Alabama won its last 11 in a row. If, in a four-team showdown, Oklahoma, Arizona State, Alabama and Ohio State were chosen, how could one justify excluding Arkansas, the Cotton Bowl winner, or UCLA, which routed Ohio State in the Rose Bowl? If an eight-team playoff—not among present recommendations—were drawn up to match the Big Ten, Big Eight, Pac-8, SEC and SWC champions with three at-large teams in the bowls, would Arizona State have been included? Or would the selection committee throw up its hands and go to 16 teams? To 32?

Casale is flushed with the success of the NCAA basketball tournament, having helped put it together for five years, and can envision the same thing for football. The comparison breaks down quickly because the basketball tournament begins with 32 teams, each having played 25 games or more. In basketball a 32-team tournament can be consummated easily within three weeks. A 32-team football playoff would require five weeks, and the winner would wind up having played half as many games in the tournament as it played to get there.

Most college coaches (Alabama's Bear Bryant and Oklahoma's Barry Switzer, for two) are outspoken in their belief that playoffs are unworkable and unwarranted. John McKay is now an ex-college coach, having defected to the pros, and he remains adamantly against playoffs. McKay was invited to be on Casale's Feasibility Committee but did not serve. "I'm against it," he said. "I'm staying home."

"Why do we need playoffs?" McKay

said the other day after his last USC team beat Texas A&M in the Liberty Bowl. "Because the pros have them? We have something better. We have eight or 10 teams who win their conferences, win bowl games, have great seasons. Ten winners instead of one. Everybody's happy. The alumni are happy. Recruiters are happy. They all say, 'We're No. 1.' The coach gets a raise. The players have a good time and get a new watch. Has anybody stopped to ask the players what they think? They're the ones who do all the work."

"The thing that kills me about the NCAA the past few years is that every piece of legislation that came along wound up being against the athlete. 'We're going to save money,' they said. So more money for laundry money. No more money for supplies, which is a big item in engineering and architecture. Now they've taken away some of the tickets the player gets. And his letter jacket. Now they want that. They cut the number of scholarships last year and told us we couldn't dress a boy for a home game, even just to sit on the bench, if he was lower than the 60th player on the roster. When we went on the road we could only take 48. So we took 48 players to Notre Dame—and a 250-piece band. You tell me how that saves money."

"Now they're saying, 'Let's have a playoff. Let's let the players work an extra two or three weeks and make us some more money.' And how much fun is a boy going to have in Miami if the next week he might be playing somewhere else for the national championship? I'll tell you how much fun—none. The coach'll fly him in the night before and out the next day. Phwoot-phwoot. Hello, goodbye."

Walter Evans of the Cotton Bowl says he cannot imagine the bowls existing to be "stepping stones." Bowl people think of them as ends in themselves, a unique and traditional part of college football that once lost could never be duplicated. Tom Hansen of the NCAA shares that feeling. "All these years when college football wasn't getting \$18 million a year out of network television contracts," he says, "the bowls were giving it exposure and a lot of financial help. Most of us genuinely appreciate the energy and money they have put into their games."

All the major bowls are the love objects of a handful of paid personnel and an army of volunteers, often men of high standing in the community. Presidents of

banks run errands; newspaper publishers usher at bowl parades; trial lawyers serve on entertainment committees. One of Marshall McDonald's jobs for the Orange Bowl was to make sure Michigan coaches had access to formal wear for the coronation ball, and to make available flowers and corsages. McDonald is chairman of the board of Florida Power and Light. A vice-president of Southern Bell saw to it that all the players got dailypapers. Would these men be anxious to serve college football if their game was relegated to secondary status? Not likely, says Armstrong. Take away the illusion of being No. 1 from any bowl and it will probably shrivel up. The fans would stop following their teams long distances, in large numbers. There would be less reason for pageantry—for parades, for auxiliary sporting events—and less reason to perpetuate tradition.

And if it is presumptuous to think the bowl committees would participate in their own demotion, it is downright dangerous to believe the networks would. A figure of \$2.5 to \$3 million was handed about by the Feasibility Committee as the worth of a championship game to, say, ABC, which has first refusal rights because it carries the weekly college games and will do so through 1977. The proposal calls for the money to be added on to the season's package, in a renegotiated contract, and to provide additionally for expenses of teams and individuals participating in other NCAA championship events.

It sounds fine until you consider this: NBC pays more than \$3 million for Rose Bowl rights and pays the Orange Bowl a bundle as well. CBS pays the Cotton Bowl enough for each team to take home \$900,000. Orange Bowl teams get about that, and each Rose Bowl team gets \$1.4 million to share with its respective conference schools. Networks are willing to shell out these enormous amounts because in their present status bowl games are prestige items. But would NBC and CBS be so generous if their games were reduced to preliminaries? For that matter, would ABC—which chafes at not being able to land a Rose or Orange Bowl game—be willing to pay as much as it does now for the Sugar, Bluebonnet, Liberty and Gator if it had a lock on both the regular season and a championship playoff? ABC is mum, but it is not hard to figure the answer: not likely. Indeed, why should it?

continued

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DILEMMA *continued*

Casale believes the playoff plan has enough votes to carry in St. Louis, "though it'll be very close." Support will come from predictable places. Listed after Alabama in Division I of the *College Sports Football Guide* is Appalachian State. Alabama's stadium capacity is 69,000; Appalachian State's is 10,000. Behind Florida, with 63,000, is Fresno State, with 13,000; ahead of Illinois, with 71,000, is Idaho, with 18,000. This is not to say how these schools will vote, only to suggest how the great disparity among them often influences their decisions. McKay says he has seen it happen many times: "They'll be sitting in the back of the room, nodding, and somebody will say, 'O.K., here's a plan to spread some of this big money around.' Up go the hands. Then they go back to sleep."

The proposal to subdivide Division I precedes the playoff vote on the NCAA agenda. Subdivision is likely, as well as necessary, to keep schools with modest athletic programs and no desire to go big-time from inflicting their ideology on schools that want to be big-time, and vice versa. Some of the football powers have threatened to pull out of the NCAA if decisions damaging their operations continue to be made, but this is interpreted as smoke.

If the split is adopted, the 81 schools which would then make up Division I would most certainly vote heavily against the playoff plan. Present NCAA parliamentary order does not give them a separate vote at this meeting, however. They still have to vote with the present 134-member Division I. The Big Eight's Neilnas has indicated that he will be at the forefront of a move to challenge that ruling.

Meanwhile, there is something the NCAA could do to put instant color back into the cheeks of the bowl people. It could change the selection date for bowl teams from the third Saturday in November back to the fourth Saturday, which would be a step toward assuring more meaningful matchups. The only thing better than that would be to defer the selection date to the last Saturday of the season. The bowls suffer, and so does college football, at that showcase time of year when top teams like Nebraska get jerked around, excellent teams like California are left home and matchups that might have been made (Oklahoma vs. Alabama, for example) are not. **END**

A man with dark, curly hair and a serious expression is shown from the chest up. He is wearing a dark, possibly black, zip-up jacket. He holds a pack of Winston cigarettes in his left hand and a single lit cigarette in his right hand. The background is a soft-focus outdoor scene, likely a beach or coastal area, with a body of water and a distant shoreline visible.

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BAJA

Road to Adventure



by ROBERT F. JONES

The road has many names. Mapmakers call it Mexico 1 or the Transpeninsula Highway. To Mexican patriots it is La Carretera de Benito Juarez, while to the less patriotic it is simply Numero Uno. To the *yanquis* from Alta California who pour down its two-lane blacktop in pursuit of those wide-open spaces and smogless serenities now largely extinct on their own turf, it is the Frijole Freeway or, to the more lyrically minded, the Thousand Mile Dream. Whatever the monicker, it is, in all senses of the phrase, a Highway to Adventure.

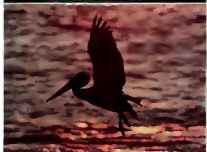
Since its official dedication in December 1973, the 1,067.5-mile Baja Highway (as most motorists call it) has carried hordes of outdoor-adventurous *norteamericanos* into the heart of a previously impenetrable wonderland—a sun-scorched, seagirt playground where almost anything recreational is possible. Baja California, the peninsular appendage that begins at the U.S.-Mexican border just below San

Diego, is nearly 800 miles long, twice the length of Florida, which seemingly balances it on the hemispheric map, and fully 100 miles longer than that other romantic peninsula of literature and legend, Italy. Aside from its shape, it is totally unlike either of them. Flanked on the west by the chilly Pacific Ocean and on the east by the warm, fish-rich Sea of Cortez, Baja's 55,000 square miles contain a unique mix of mountains and beaches, plant and animal life, wind, sand and seascape that offers a lifetime of exploration and exhilaration to anyone bold enough to visit it. And with the help of the \$120 million highway and appurtenant hotels and gas stations, one need not even be that bold.

Apart from the chance of picking up a touch of *torista*, the stereotyped "dangers" usually associated with Mexican travel are absent from Baja. There are no gold-hatted *bandidos* with pearl-handled six-guns lurking behind the mesquite, though there are plenty of American *continued*

Besides pelican watchdog, motorists taking Route 1 can ride a dave buggy at Mike's Sky Rancho, snorkel off Cabo San Lucas, Jet-Ski at Ensenada and hang-glide near Half-way House.

Photographs by Stephen Green-Armytage



BAJA continued



Giant cardón may weigh 10 tons

rip-off artists—usually hippie-type surfers traveling on a board, a bus and a sawbuck. That danger is confined, fortunately, to the northwestern coastal region, mainly between Tijuana and Ensenada; anyone who presses farther south is usually well-heeled and well-equipped. A greater danger is automotive breakdown, but the government-sponsored Green Angel pa-

trols, which cruise the entire length of the highway at frequent intervals, are on hand with spare parts, fuel and mechanical skills to alleviate much of that peril. Hospitals or clinics can be found in the larger cities, and light planes are available almost everywhere to fly out accident victims in case of emergency. Danger is minimal, the chance for fun maximal.

A list of the basic recreational opportunities available in Baja includes surfing, sailing, water skiing in various forms, skin diving, fishing (everything from a dry fly for the unique Baja rainbow trout, *Salmo gairdneri*, through surf casting for corvina and rock bass to jigging for grouper, roosterfish and yellowtail or trolling for marlin and sail), hunting (for everything from white-winged doves and quail through desert bighorn sheep to fossils of giant dinosaurs, extinct sharks with petrified teeth the size of a man's hand and the odd mammoth or mastodon tusk), flying (from light planes to hang-gliders) and riding (horses, mules, burros, dirt bikes, dune buggies and that newfangled, aquatic bucking bronco, the Jet-Ski).

The botanist, the bird watcher and the braave freak can also have a field day in Baja. Of the 110 species of cacti found on the peninsula, fully 80 are endemic. In addition to the millions of ducks, geese, herons, plovers, gannets, terns and gulls that shroud the beaches and marshes of Baja, there are rare birds as well, such as the small red raptor known as Harris' hawk or the big black carrion eater, Audubon's *caracara*. Shellfish fans (both collectors and eaters thereof) need only touch a shovel to the shore along the Sea of Cortez to come up with a treasure trove—anything from a delicate pink murex to a bucket of juicy butter clams. Nor will the rock hound be disappointed: onyx, turquoise and garnets galore are available for the plucking in the sierra. If the rock hound is also a rock climber, he will be doubly delighted. The Sierra San Pedro Mártir, in the northern reaches of the peninsula, offers the challenging 10,126-foot Picacho del Diablo—the Devil's Peak—while the Sierra Giganta to the south still counts some unscaled summits in its jumbled, arid, 200-mile reach. And though by now many a man has flown, driven, motorcycled, bicycled and sailed the length of Baja, no one has yet walked its serrated spine.

Along the way, and with a few side trips to the islands that dot the Sea of Cortez, a truly adventurous traveler will also see some remarkable wildlife. Not African in scale, since so dry and spare a land cannot support the huge



Endemic Baja rainbow trout thrives in Sierra San Pedro Mártir.

Cubans are provided for campers on beach at Bahía Concepción





Scaly-barked elephant trees flourish on lava flows in Bearded Desert



Cabo San Lucas' Bad Parr displays skull of desert bighorn he shot



herbivores and predators of that continent, it is interesting enough in its own right. Some 28 species of vertebrates exist only in Baja, among them a tubby two-foot-long chuckwalla lizard that stores the infrequent rainfall (two to 10 inches a year in the lower reaches) in sacs within its body and literally sloshes when it walks. On the island of Santa Catalina off the east coast lives a small, dour and dandy rattlesnake, *Crotalus catalinae*, that has no rattle on its tail—the only crotalid thus undistinguished. Perhaps the most interesting mammal, if you exclude the Pacific gray whales whose turbulent sex life makes them such an attraction during the winter mating months at Scammon's Lagoon, is a gulf-side bat that eats seafood. Skimming low over the vermilion waters at dusk, it snags small sardines with its claws—one of the few piscivorous bats known to science.

The surreal reality of Baja is reason enough to visit it. Until the completion of the highway, such a visit was restricted mainly to the airborne and the off-road wise. For more than four centuries, Baja had resisted the attempts of civilized man to penetrate it. Hernando Cortez first visited the peninsula in 1535, missionaries and fortune hunters soon followed. The missions failed, while the fortune hunters, having discovered oysters bearing black pearls in great abundance, lasted a bit longer. In the 1940s a mysterious disease wiped out the oyster beds, some say as the result of germ warfare by the Japanese, who had pearling interests on the far side of the Pacific. Agriculture is nearly impossible in Baja, since, unlike its sister California to the north, it has no snow-capped Sierra Nevada and no gushing Colorado River to drain for irrigation. What little agriculture exists does so courtesy of the "fossil water" pumped up from deep wells in the Vizcaino Desert and the Magdalena Plain—water locked into the porous substrata eons ago during a wetter era. Like oil or natural-gas deposits, it is a finite resource, and the Mexican government is using it wisely—i.e., slowly and surely—while it lasts.

The highway has opened up this once-impenetrable wasteland with remarkable ease. Today it is fully possible, if a bit worrying, to drive a low-slung American passenger car the length of the peninsula, from Tijuana to Cabo San Lucas, in two days. During the early 1960s, when the pavement ended at Ensenada, just 100 miles below the border, even so canny an observer as the late Joseph Wood Krutch was able to title a lovingly rendered book about Baja *The Forgotten Peninsula*. No more. Last year, fully 7.5 million vehicles crossed the imaginary dotted line separating America's most populated state from one of North America's wildest. Most of them came in regular road cars. All of them came for fun. And in one way or another, the majority of them got it.

continued



Dorado leem in Sea of Cortez



Patio of government hotel on Rosarito

Still the best way to travel Baja, if one is really serious about taking its pleasures as they come, is by four-wheel-drive vehicle. A passenger car can make it all right, but it restricts one to the pavement. With four-wheel traction, the options are more than quadrupled. What's more, most 4WD trucks come rough enough to carry the other toys that make a Baja jaunt such a blast: a car-top aluminum

bout, perhaps, with an outboard motor that can put an angler in reach of the 386 known species of fish inhabiting the Sea of Cortez (only 10% of which hang out in the really deep water); a surfboard to test the variable waves that occur in almost every cove (one beach below El Rosarito boasts a 1½-mile ride under proper wind conditions); snorkeling gear; fishing tackle, tents and sleeping bags and charcoal briars; a shovel that can not only dig you out of a sand dune but also turn up a dinner of clams any night on any beach; a motorcycle equipped with knobbies that can teach a man or boy the toughness of the desert and the proper respect for fang-tipped puckerbushes.

Self-sealing off-road tires are a good idea, the wider the better if one plans to do much driving in sand. If tire pressure is reduced to 12 or 15 pounds, a set of 12-inch tires can take even as heavy a vehicle as a Chevy Blazer through sand that would be difficult to walk through. One of those handy-dandy pumps that plug into the cigarette lighter eases the job of re-inflation once the soft stuff is past. A note of caution regarding the paved highway is in order: since its opening two years ago, the Baja Highway has reportedly killed hundreds of American motorists (and uncounted but doubtless many more Mexicans). It is not a freeway. Only two lanes wide, never more than 24 feet in total width, and shoulderless for much of its length, it should never be driven in excess of 55 mph, and more often than not no faster than 35. Blind curves, sheer cliffs with minimal guardrails in the mountainous sections, the vagaries of grazing cattle and horses, not to mention Mexican truck drivers who seem to feel their fate is in the hands of God or machismo—all these make for dangerous driving, especially at night when the trucks and the cattle are out in full force. In fact, it is best to establish a firm rule—reach your destination before dark, or else use your emergency food supplies to camp out at dusk. You can hardly go wrong camping anywhere in Baja if you have water, fuel and food. The countryside, anywhere, is splendid. (Subcautionary note when picking up wood or cactus for an evening fire, watch out for scorpions. More people die in Mexico each year from scorpion sting—usually infants or the infirm—than from rattlesnake bite.)

All right, we're ready to roll. Most of Baja's recreational action, mainly of the weekend variety, takes place on the dunes and beaches of the 100-mile stretch from Tijuana, just below the border, to Ensenada. This region is much

like the Southern California coast—cool, foggy mornings and pleasantly sunny afternoons; excellent surf but numbingly cold water. All save masochists should bundle up in wet suits. Tijuana (pop. 315,760), once the grungiest border town in the world, is a lot cleaner these days and still a delight, what with its two bullrings, its racetracks and its jai alai fronts. Alta California, with its topless and bottomless joints, its endless porn flicks and bookstores, has taken some of the sin out of T-town, or at least made it seem less erotic-exotic, but the Avenida de la Revolución remains one of the Western Hemisphere's more pleasantly libidinous main streets.

Ensenada (pop. 87,160), at the bottom of the weekend-er's Baja, is another type of town altogether. It is clean, bustling, possessed of numerous fine hotels and restaurants, plus blocks of stores selling the town's excellent leather goods and less-excellent tourist junk. Some visitors feel no need to go any farther, being content to surf-fish for perch and rock bass, to surf at San Miguel (just north of Ensenada) or to view La Bufadora (literally, The Buffalo Snort), a spectacular blowhole at the tip of Punta Banda just across the bay from the Esmer Beach Resort Hotel. It is not unusual to see motorcycle gangs cruising the toll road between Tijuana and Ensenada, "Highway 240" in the local parlance since it costs \$2.40 American to use the quicker, safer, four-lane toll road here that parallels Numero Uno. But these gangs are usually older folks from Gringoland, wearing such decals on their leathers as LONG BEACH ELKS or PEACEMAKERS.

A favorite stop for surfers, sunners and just plain week-

Great granite overhangings look a as the El Estero flows at low tide



end watchers of the scene is the Halfway House, at the midpoint between Tijuana and Ensenada. On any Sunday it is possible to see a couple of dozen surfers below the 100-foot cliffs that beetlebrow the beaches and an equal number of dirt-bike riders pounding over the desert and dunes. "Up in Southern California, you can't surf on most beaches after 11 p.m.," says one salt-haired surfer in his piping California-cool voice. "Shucks, you even gotta keep your dog on a leash. Here, anything goes." He turns to gaze at a young lady in a lounge chair who is in the process of getting an overall tan.

For those who prefer even more action in the sun, there are the hang-gliding dunes at Cantamar, just above the Halfway House. Here the batmen of Southern California gather each weekend to play "Icarus Descending." A battered white Volkswagen van wheels up to the Cantina de Cantamar, where flies buzz, beer bottles foam and meat cooks in a fire-blackened pot over a wood blaze. The van has snorkeling gear and a beer cooler on the inside, surfboards and a blue-and-yellow hang-glider on top. "If there's wind, we fly," says a kid nicknamed "Barf" as he unlashes the big kite. "If it's dead, we surf or get boned or snorkel. Sometimes we do it all."

Up on the dunes, at least a dozen kites are flapping and flying in the steady, cool, westerly breeze. Dick Messina, partner in a San Diego outfit called California Gliders, is on hand to instruct neophytes at \$20 a lesson. A bearded former Air Force navigator and psychiatric social worker, Messina came down to Cantamar one weekend, flew a hang-glider and dropped everything to open up his new business the next day.

To get down to earth, consider the crag in the Sierra San Pedro Mártir, which is the quarry of 14-year-old Al Hurlock, a mineral seeker from El Cajon, Calif., who has been coming to Baja on rock-hounding expeditions for more than half his life. Al and his parents are regular visitors to Mike's Sky Ranch, a pleasant oasis tucked away at the 3,900-foot level of the sierra, a three-hour drive over well-marked dirt roads and just a short hop by light plane to the landing strip on a mesa above the ranch. "There's fire opal, topaz, garnet and even a wall of pure glass out there in the hills," says Al. "Sometimes I find these geodes—they're like volcanic eggs, crystal covered with iron." He points out a chokeberry plant in a cactus-filled arroyo. "Don't ever even taste one of those bulky little fruits on that thing. The glands in your throat will swell up, your blood pressure will soar and you'll be finished." An hour's poking among the garnet-freckled boulders of the arroyo produces a flour sack full of stones, nearly all of them red garnets, a few whole but mostly fractured. "Garnets sprinkled randomly over the bleak Baja terrain," singsongs Al. "As my math teacher would say."

Later in the day, he hikes up the Arroyo San Rafael for a spot of trout fishing. The arroyo runs steadily with water year round, fed by springs that produce 2,550 gallons a minute, even in the arid fires of July. Unfortunately, a recent rain—the tail end of a hurricane—has muddied the waters and the trout will not rise to Al's offerings, dry fly or streamer. "When it's clear, I've taken them out of here with my

hands," he says. "They're not big trout—about eight or 10 inches—but they're tasty."

Other guests at the ranch that weekend include six off-road enthusiasts from Baton Rouge, La., who have come to Baja for the first time with two dune buggies and a brace of dirt bikes. "All this space, this emptiness, these hills and washes and flat places," exults Billy Carriere, a young Vietnam vet and Boltaco rider. "I could ride forever down here and never get bored." He stares off to the southeast where the last light of day is pinking the peak of the Picacho del Diablo. "Wouldn't mind taking a crack at that baby one day. Looks bigger than 10,000 feet in this light, don't it?" Backpackers and horsepackers who outfit themselves at Mike's and have tried the peak would certainly agree. They would agree, too, that the pifion and ponderosa country, to which the Sky Ranch provides access, is well worth the trekking, rich as it is with deer, mountain lion and birdlife.

The drive back out of the mountains at first light the next day is marked by scenes of empty splendor, lit for a moment by a covey of flushing slate-blue quail, then by a sprinting jackrabbit or a galloping roadrunner, once by a hunting hawk that drops a half-speckled, dead quail in front of the truck, spooked no doubt by its four-wheeled growl, then by an eagle perched on the asparaguslike top of a 10-foot century plant. A cliff drops into inky darkness, until as yet by the dawn, just the tops of bristling cardon cactus catching the first light.

The goal for this day is Guerrero Negro, a town of 1,410 population, primarily workers in the local salt factory that sits at the edge of Scammon's Lagoon and the Pacific, just below the 28th Parallel—the dividing line between Baja California State (the northern half of the peninsula) and Baja California Sur (the federal territory to the south). Here the true strangeness of Baja begins to manifest itself. In the eroded draws around El Rosario, paleontologists have found the bones of prehistoric creatures—50-foot hadrosaurs and tiny shrewlike early mammals—but the vegetation of today is equally weird. Giant cardons, bigger than the saguaros of Arizona, measuring up to 60 feet and weighing as much as 10 tons dry; grasping ocotillos, and the easily anthropomorphized cirio trees, called "boojums" by their discoverer, in honor of the "thing" in Lewis Carroll's *The Hunting of the Snark*. Guerrero Negro sits at the edge of Vizcaino Desert, a region that often goes rainless for two years at a time, but receives enough moisture from perpetual Pacific fogs and winds to support a forest of spiny plants. Along the way is the cutoff to the Bahía de Los Angeles, a paved road that leads 70-odd miles over the waning mountains to a charming fishing resort run by Antero and Cruz Diaz where there is excellent yellowtail fishing in the fall and action for light-tackle enthusiasts year round. When Joseph Wood Krutch was there nearly 20 years ago, Los Angeles Bay was a sort of "land that time forgot." He loved it for its remoteness; the pavement is changing that, and fast.

Guerrero Negro's main attraction is the annual arrival of the Pacific gray whales, usually in late December or early January. The whales, once on the verge of extinction

revisited

BAJA continued

because of overhunting, have been protected since 1937 and have made a spectacular comeback. Small boats cruising near them during their annual mating rituals or, more particularly, near a cow with a calf in tow, know just how spectacular: one flip of a fluke can capsize a boat. The safest whale watching is by airplane or from the beach. During the winter months the lagoon is also inhabited by thousands of ducks and geese, plus like numbers of shorebirds. On the far side of the lagoon's inlet is Malarriño Beach, a 25-mile westward-jutting point of land that intercepts the south-flowing Pacific currents and, as a result, is a beachcomber's paradise. Junk from all over the world washes up here—wrecked sampans from the China Sea, floats from Japanese longliners, light bulbs from Okinawa, the odd mukluk from the Aleutians. Unfortunately, it is a 10-hour off-road ride to the beach and around the lagoon, and it should only be attempted in company with another 4WD vehicle to assist in getting through the sticky spots.

After overnighing at the moderately priced and beautifully appointed El Presidente hotel near Guerrero Negro, one of six government-built-and-run tourist *paradores* on the new highway, it is time to push east from the giant, blue steel eagle that marks the 28th Parallel and head across the Bearded Desert toward the Sea of Cortez, 127 miles distant. The desert is "bearded" with Spanish moss; its thick tangles and spiky fastnesses hold an abundance of bird and animal life. It is not unusual for a coyote to cross ahead of one's vehicle, stop and stare haughtily and then trot off, tail wagging, in pursuit of a jackrabbit or kangaroo rat. This is also the land of the elephant trees—grotesque, multi-armed desert specialists with whitish, flaky hides that grow most enthusiastically on the lava flows groping across the Vizcaino like crushed red tentacles. The desert grows oppressive....

Well worth a stop along the road to the gulfside is the oasis of San Ignacio, a welcome relief with its cool ponds and 80,000 Arabian date palms, fig and citrus trees. A nicely restored mission, Indian caves full of petroglyphs and hidden, sudden valleys surround the oasis (pop. 605). A road swinging back southwest, unpaved and treacherous in spots, offers another side adventure but this, too, is best explored with two vehicles.

The highway hits the gulf coast at Santa Rosalia (pop. 8,250), a smoky, clanking, copper-mining and smelting town formerly French owned and now distinguished mainly by a prefabricated iron church built by Alexandre Gustave Eiffel, of Parisian tower fame. Just outside of town, Mexican police often set up a roadblock to search for marijuana.

Down the road from Santa Rosalia is one of Baja's most delightful garden spots, the oasis of Mulegé (pronounced moo-la-HAY). Try to hit Mulegé on a Saturday, in time for the weekly pig roast at the Hotel Sencidid. A bit run-down because of indolent management, this is nonetheless a charming, tiled and cool old pile, abutting the banks of the Rio Santa Rosalia (Baja's only true river, though scarcely two miles long), in which giant black snook crash and snap at night from November to January. When the conquistadors arrived in Mulegé more than 400 years ago, they purportedly found a race of tall, white Indians living there on shellfish and fruit. If they existed, the Indians were soon exterminated, but their spiritual successors can be found today doing much the same thing on the 100-mile stretch from Mulegé south: U.S. campers enjoying clamcakes and margaritas outside their trailers on the beaches surrounding Bahía Concepción, an inlet that begins just below Mulegé.

One such visitor is Charley (Pop) Corn. Tall, tan and trim at 57, Charley spends eight months of the year on the beach at Mulegé, living in a 22-foot trailer with his English wife, Kay, a former concert pianist who has lately turned her talents to jewelry making. She uses the inexhaustible seashells that renew themselves every morning on the beach in front of the trailer. Charley Corn's next-door neighbor is an Indian shark fisherman named Pablo Forte Meza, from whom he is currently learning at least two words of Spanish a day, plus more than he might care to know about sharks (like how they smell, day and night, when the wind is wrong). Not

that Charley cares; he could move down the beach if he wanted to, but he prefers the presence of people more than he minds the odors.

"The Mexicans call me 'Carlos Maiz,'" says Charley Corn as he fishes one morning for whatever the sea might provide. "They're wonderful, simple people, very sincere and very hard-working. Pablo gets about eight pesos, or



6½ gringo, per pound for the dried, salted shark meat he catches and prepares. They call it *morchon*, and it tastes just fine in soup. I'm putting aside \$50 a month to send his kids to college. That fiberglass boat of his cost \$800—a small fortune for a man who lives from sharks and the sea. Whoops, here's another hit!" He cranks in a thrashing sierra mackerel, silver and blue, to add to the catch. The first six fish of the morning are of different species—the sierra, then a bonito, a dolphin, a needlefish, a *cabrillo* (or rock bass) and a small tuna. Then more and more sierra. "The yellowtails ain't down yet," Charley Corn laments. "In a week or two they'll be here, and then's when the fun really begins."

But there is plenty of fun that night, even without them. Sitting in front of Charley's trailer, before a driftwood fire, eating Kay's shark-meat cocktails, sipping Bloody Marys made with tequila, watching a few shark heads roll listlessly, toothily in the phosphorescent wash of surf, feeling the muscles that were stretched in pulling fish all day slowly regain their shape, it is possible to reflect that this—yes—could very well be the life. Up on the bluffs overlooking Mulegé, the old mission stares down, as do the lean, tall windows of the territorial prison. Ah, some prison!

The prisoners are let out during the day to work in the town or the fields, and their wives and kids live in town. They go back to the prison at sundown, when the bell sounds. "I've seen worse lives led in what we call freedom up north," Charley says. Overhead, the stars seem to be shouting some high-pitched, indecipherable message, or maybe it's just the surf and the tequila. . . .

From Mulegé south to below Loreto, a distance of nearly 100 miles, the highway flanks one of the loveliest stretches of Baja—quick little half-moon bays spiky with feeding fish; barren rock islets that change color with the waxing of the sun, a backdrop of tall, spare, spiny mountains—the Sierra Giganta, access to which is strictly by foot or mule-back. Thanks to the highway, the bays all sport their share of campers and trailers, but none could be considered even remotely crowded by U.S. standards.

From Puerto Escondido, where the skin diving and light-tackle fishing are superb, the road turns inland, climbing up into the Giganta through forests of cardon and rugged, green-stone cliffs, then topping out in the Magdalena Plain. This is the least interesting stretch of the trip—flat, dry, shading into arable land reminiscent of West Texas. Villa Insurgentes and Ciudad Constitución are raw, ugly working towns with none of the charms of the coast. Again the road descends, through ranching country where the peril from cattle and horses increases, to enter La Paz (pop. 51,610), the territorial capital that has a jet airport and a serious water-pollution problem.

The tropics begin below La Paz; the Tropic of Cancer runs just south of Buena Vista on the gulf side and below Todos Santos on the Pacific. The cape region is far hotter than the rest of Baja, abuzz after the not infrequent rains with bright flowers and studded with palm trees of many varieties. This is resort—as opposed to camper—country, and the tourists more often than not have flown down to the cape and are scarcely roughing it. Many of them are big-

game anglers in pursuit of the region's ubiquitous marlin and sailfish. Felix and Kathryn McGinnis, for instance, of Newport Beach, Calif., fly here perhaps 10 times a year to seek out light-tackle targets. Kay McGinnis holds the women's records for six-pound-test line on striped marlin (188 pounds) and white marlin (67); the latter is not a Baja fish. She previously held the Pacific sailfish record in the six-pound category and is now busy trying to regain it. Recently, during a frustrating but highly exciting day, she and her husband hooked up at least eight good-sized billfish, one of them a striped marlin estimated to weigh 160 pounds that kept Kay busy for 20 minutes, but all of them ultimately broke off. "It's like fishing with a spider web," says Kay. "You can't put any real pressure on the fish. And the more line it takes off, the more likely even the slightest surge will pop the line. It's absolutely essential to boat the fish in a hurry, and that's largely a matter of the captain's skill in handling the boat properly." Two days later another angler, using 30-pound line, hooked exactly the sailfish that Kay wanted; he conquered it in 10 minutes and then cut the fish loose, hoping that Kay might get a crack at it before her stay was ended.

Another top sport of the cape region is white-wing dove shooting. "Only the Isle of Pines in Cuba had better wing shooting than this," says Bud Parr, the hostler (Hotel Cabo San Lucas) and a wing shot nonpareil. Dr. James Armshaw, a physician from Los Alamitos, Calif., and his wife, Phyllis, were recent guests of Parr's on a white-wing shoot. Arriving at an arroyo outside the town of San Jose del Cabo at first light, the Armshaws, Parr and two other guns shot their limit of 200 birds in less than an hour and a half. Armshaw's Weimaraners, Hanzl and Gretchen, retrieved until their jaws ached nearly as badly as their master's shotgun shoulder. That evening the shooting party dined on dove breasts and watched the sunset from the cool, flagstone terrace of the hotel. Down below, the sea crashed on the rocks. Parr talked of Los Frailes, the Friars, a pair of giant (222- and 239-foot) stacks that mark the very tip of Baja.

"That's where it all ends," he said. "That's where the Pacific and the Gulf get together. In the old days, the English pirates used to hang out down here waiting for the Manila galleons to come through on the way to Acapulco. Did you notice that wreck on the beach just beyond the cape? That's the Japanese longliner *Juuri Mori No. 10* that ran aground in September of 1966. Some local fishermen lured her ashore using a directional transmitter taken from the end of the ship's longline and placed in the hills above the rocks. The old traditions die hard."

Back in 1941, John Steinbeck and Marine Biologist Ed Ricketts (the prototype of *Cannery Row's* Doc) had just completed a six-week cruise of Baja waters in search of biological specimens and poetry. "In time of peace in the modern world," Steinbeck wrote in *The Log from the Sea of Cortez*, "if one is thoughtful and careful, it is rather more difficult to be killed or maimed in the outland places of the globe than it is in the streets of our great cities, but the atavistic urge toward danger persists and its satisfaction is called adventure."

If that's the case, then viva stavism! And viva Baja! **END**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN

TAKING A SHINE TO A RESORT WITH NEW GLITTER

Looking much like the lures they undeniably are, identical twins Yvonne and Yvette Sylvander make waves at the tip of Baja California, where the Gold Coast's older hotels have been enlarged and refurbished and new ones sparkle. This season's glamorous swimsuits are equally sleek and glittery, and shed water like fish. Here the twins glisten in metallic nylon bikinis (\$30) made for Elon by Monika, the Austrian-born New York designer who started this trend. On the cover, Yvette and Yvonne wear rainbow suits by Anne Collins for Bobbie Brooks (\$19, \$18), suggesting the pot of gold awaiting tourists who come to the rocky cape where the Pacific and the Sea of Cortez meet.

BY JULE CAMPBELL



Like the gleaming, blue-green water
that abound off the Costa Rica
Lucas, Christie Brinkley shimmers in
a bikini by Monika for Elan (\$30)
as she gets ready to push off in
the Hacienda Hotel's free-form pool





Sitting pretty by the Cabo San Lucas Hotel pool, Cheryl Tiegs sparkles in a silvery knit bikini (\$32). Yvette mixes a silvery, mirrorlike top with black. Cheryl and Yvette are both suited up by Moniko for *Elon*.





Goldbricking against a sandstone formation on a Cabo San Lucas beach, Cheryl is resplendent in a lustrous nylon bikini with a new twist by Manika for Elan (\$351, which can be mixed with other bathing suits

For a maximum fun, Christie strings along in a minimal bikini of nylon and Lycra and beads by Giorgio Di Sant' Angela for Sinclair (\$32) Yvonne (right) enhances on Elan suit that takes only seconds to dry (\$30)







In the pink, Yvonne and Yvette stretch out in stretch suits from Anne Klein for Penfold (\$32, \$30). At right, the twins sport Elan's polyester-cotton-knit bikinis hand-painted with birds and clouds (\$20, \$22).





The antithesis of glittering space-age swimwear is Betsey Johnson's Kids' multicolored cotton tank suit (\$23), made originally for toddlers. The twins wear the new grown-up sizes on the Hotel Solmor beach



SUN, SPORT AND MARIACHIS

The 20-mile sweep of craggy coastline and solitary beaches that constitutes the southern tip of Baja California has come to be called the Gold Coast. A tropical climate, an abundance of fresh water from the springs behind San Jose del Cabo and the rates at some of the resorts springing up on the cape justify the label. The region is most easily reached by Aeroméxico from Los Angeles or Houston or by Hughes Airwest from Phoenix. Each flight is met at La Paz by an air taxi that serves the cape (S17 one way). Here's a rundown of the facilities at land's end:

HOTEL CABO SAN LUCAS, built 20 years ago, still offers the widest range of activities and accommodations. Its 70 rooms vary in price from \$30 to \$51.20 for a single, American plan, to \$55 to \$110 for a double with a bathtub you could play water polo in. Hotelier W. Matt (Bud) Parr, himself a fine wing shot and light-tackle angler (he holds the IGFA record for striped marlin in the men's six-pound class with a 205-pound fish), rides herd on as fine a fleet of sport-fishing boats as the cape affords, and knows the most productive white-wing dove water holes. Snorkeling is excellent on the reef near the boat landing. The terrace bar, magnificently situated for a view of sunsets and surf, can be a bit noisy, what with the nightly mariachis, but the dining room, with its high ceiling and open-air veranda, is well run by Maître d' Jose Rivera, whose wing-shooting is just as good as his English. In back of the hotel is a 3,600-foot, humpbacked,

dirt airstrip that is popular with light-plane vacationers. A well-stocked boutique offers high fashions and 10-million-year-old shark teeth. Tennis courts, horses and scuba gear are available, but the main attractions remain the splendid location on the edge of Chileno Bay, where pirates once lurked in anticipation of Spanish plate fleets, and Bud Parr's firm-handed management, which insists on excellence in everything from kitchen cleanliness to the handling of giant billfish. For reservations, write P.O. Box 48747, Briggs Station, Los Angeles, Calif. 90048 or call (213) 655-4760.

HOTEL PALMILLA, in operation since 1951, is the cape's oldest resort. Located just below the pleasant town of San Jose del Cabo, where an international jet airport is due to open this year, Palmilla offers 45 rooms at prices ranging from \$38 to \$42 single, American plan, to \$68 to \$76 for a double. For those who prefer still water to surf (which can be treacherous anywhere along the cape), the Palmilla has a swimming pool. A good fishing fleet, tennis courts and horseback riding round out the recreational possibilities. Palmilla's main attraction is its atmosphere: a heavy, yet airy, old-style Spanish architecture, cool tiles and stucco, surrounded by an abundance of flowering trees and shrubs fully matured because of the resort's edge in age over its competitors. For reservations, write P.O. Box 1775, La Jolla, Calif. 92038 or phone (714) 454-0600.

HOTEL SOLMAR, tidy and new, is situated right under the frowning rock visage of the cape itself. Perhaps one should say visages: the 500-foot cliff called La Vigia that serves as Solmar's backdrop is a cave-pocked, sandstone monument of natural sculptures. Sitting at the thatch-roofed poolside bar, one can search for faces in the rocks, including that of Richard Nixon just above the wing of rooms to the left, facing the cliff. Frigate birds, caracaras, vultures, hawks

and eagles wing on the updrafts over the cliff, and the surf on the beach just beyond the bar is explosive. Solmar has four plans, including \$35 for a single and \$56 for a double, American, and \$21 and \$28, European. The resort has 41 rooms, all air-conditioned, and offers fishing, scuba diving, dove shooting and water skiing. For reservations, write P.O. Box 383, Pacific Palisades, Calif. 90272 or phone (213) 459-3336.

HOTEL FINISERRA, perched high on the cliffs just north of San Lucas, is the most spectacular of the cape resorts. Stark Mexican-modern architecture blends perfectly with the sheer walls and crags that surround it. All 58 rooms are suites with sitting rooms and range from \$38 to \$42 for a single and from \$64 to \$72 for a double, American plan only. What Finiserra gains in appearance by its elevation it loses through discomfort. To get to the beach below—or, more pertinent, to return to the hotel—one must negotiate 250 rather steep steps, and though the beach is wide and clean, the surf is a web of fierce currents. Moreover, motorists will find that the cliffside site has little parking space, and what exists is largely vertical. The staff, at least during one recent visit, was unpleasant and condescending, the drinks weak and the food nearly tasteless, though expensive. For reservations, write 3662 Katella, Suite 107, Los Alamitos, Calif. 90720 or phone (213) 775-6058.

HACHINDA is run by the same people who own Palmilla, and this newer resort shares the intimacy and grace of its cousin farther north. Its 65 rooms range in price from \$38 to \$42 single to \$68 to \$76 double, American plan. Located on the bay of San Lucas, with excellent skin diving just off the beach, it has two swimming pools, a glass-bottom boat for fish watchers and a good tennis layout. Mainly, it is low key and friendly. For reservations, write P.O. Box 813, La Jolla, Calif. 92038 or phone (714) 454-1303.

—ROBERT F. JONES

*A potpourri of Gold Coast hotels:
pools and beach at Hotel Cabo
San Lucas, alfresco bar at Palmilla,
bas-relief bar stools at Cabo,
and Solmar's chao-chao train wing*



An A-Wakening in the ACC

Competition among the powers in the league was supposed to be normal, which means murderous, but Wake Forest has made it a real gang fight

In a profession distinguished by the wearing of sport coats almost as loud as the men inside them, Carl Tacy of Wake Forest is a visible aberration. A non-smoking non-drinker who is usually rogued up in a brown suit, Tacy is the least colorful, softest spoken and most underpublicized coach in the Atlantic Coast Conference.

While his peers fulminate against officials and unleash fiery pep talks, Tacy is as bombastic as the village librarian. He seeks team unity by making his players have breakfast together every day, and he also takes his squad on an occasional picnic. Another Tacy rule requires any player with less than a 2.5 academic average to attend 90-minute study periods three times a week.

Compared to his rivals, Tacy's lack of sartorial flamboyance makes him look like a man on the way to a funeral, which is appropriate. The way the Demon Dea-

cons have been playing this season, there have been plenty of wakes for Wake's nationally ranked foes.

After last weekend, when the Deacons knocked off second-ranked and previously undefeated Maryland 96-93 before 15,311 fans in Greensboro Coliseum, Wake Forest had beaten three ACC rivals in the space of eight days. All had been rated no higher in the national polls.

Unfortunately for Tacy, Wake Forest's success at squelching status seekers has on one occasion victimized the Deacons themselves. The day after Wake rose to No. 7 national ranking is the result of back-to-back victories over North Carolina (No. 3) and North Carolina State (No. 9) in the Big Four tournament. Wake was upset 63-58 by Virginia for its only defeat of the season. "Our players' concentration had been disrupted by the polls and by our game coming

The Deacons' star guard, Skip Brown, breaks past Terp Brad Davis for two of his 22 points.

up with Maryland," Tacy says. "We have to learn to live with that kind of situation and handle it better."

Before the season, close observers of the ACC would have bet that the situation Tacy would have to deal with most often was defeat. Wake Forest was a makeshift team, woefully short on experience. Tacy did have Skip Brown, a 22.7-per-game all-conference guard, but his supporting cast needed work.

That is exactly what Tacy prescribed for Jerry Schellenberg, a 6'6" junior from the teeming metropolis of Floyds Knob, Ind. After he was moved to guard last season, Schellenberg was repeatedly embarrassed on defense and suffered ball-handling problems, two facets of the game he worked on in the off-season. In the Big Four tournament he scored 55 points, was named the Most Valuable Player and was the main reason Wake Forest was able to win even though Brown was out with an injury.

Another pleasant surprise for Tacy has been the improved play of Daryl Peterson, a 6'8" senior center who has hauled down an average of nine rebounds while raising his scoring by almost 11 points per game.

The Deacons are strongest on defense, but they run a good fast break, have a solid bench and are blessed with an assortment of accurate perimeter shooters, as Maryland discovered to its sorrow. Schellenberg and Brown led the Deacons with 22 points apiece in that game. Peterson and Forward Rod Griffin, whose two free throws with 11 seconds to play put the game out of the Terrapins' reach, each added 21.

Although Wake Forest never trailed, this was far from an easy win. A 34-point career-high performance by John Lucas brought Maryland back from an 11-point deficit to within a point in the final two minutes. During the frenetic closing seconds, the teams traded free throws before Griffin's clutch shots clinched the victory.

According to Tacy, Wake's shift from its usual zone to a man-to-man defense was decisive and he received little argument from Maryland Coach Lefty Driesell. "Their defense took our fast break away," Driesell said. "But we can't

continued

Is there an answer to the smoking question?

Should people smoke? They've been battling that one since the smoking controversy started. Smokers have an answer. Non-smokers have another answer. And the critics of smoking think they have all the answers.

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afford to get down too much, just as we can't afford to celebrate a win too much. That's the way it goes in this league."

The game was Maryland's first in ACC competition after a rather soft pre-conference schedule, and it left the conference without an unbeaten team. Eight days earlier there had been four, and the change can all be blamed on the Demon Deacons.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

EAST After upsetting Wake Forest 63-58, Virginia nearly knocked off favored North Carolina. Forward Wally Walker had 34 points and Forward Marc Iavaroni 21 against the Tar Heels, but the Cavaliers bowed 85-82. UNC's Phil Ford poured in 27 points and expertly directed a four-corner delay offense during the closing minutes. North Carolina had earlier polished off Clemson 83-64.

North Carolina State coasted past Appalachian State 82-51. Kenny Carr getting 25 points and 14 rebounds, then almost was rocked by Rollins, a Division II team with a 9-2 record. The Tars got 33 points from Bruce Howland and led for half the game before succumbing 79-75. Carr again leading the way with 24 points and 11 rebounds. Maryland had trouble with George Washington despite a 51-33 halftime lead. The Colonials cut the score to 67-62 before the Terps pulled away to an 82-72 win.

Although Mark McAndrew did not score, he made his point as Providence held off Louisville 63-60. McAndrew, a forward shifted to guard for the game, played all 40 minutes without taking a shot, but limited Ricky Wilson to two points, 13 below his average.

It took just three seconds for Phil Sellers to sink his first field goal against Fordham, making him the second Rutgers player ever to score 2,000 points during his career. Sellers finished with 21 as the unbeaten Scarlet Knights won 93-55.

Princeton's defense was unrelenting, the Tigers stopping William and Mary (64-43) and throttling Ivy League opponents Harvard (62-57) and Dartmouth (59-38).

1. RUTGERS (11-0) 2. WAKE FOREST (11-1)

WEST The alphabet teams—UCLA and USC—were far from letter perfect as they traveled along the Oregon trail. Oregon State's harassing defense was at its best as the Beavers beat USC 80-70 and UCLA 75-58. In the astonishingly easy upset of the Bruins, Oregon

State held UCLA to 20 points in the first half and took a 13-point lead. For the game, State shot .564 and got 20 points from Center Lonnie Shelton. The Bruins barely salved another Pacific Eight game when they held off Oregon 62-61. USC, despite 30 points from Merv Safford, lost to the Ducks 77-72. Oregon's Kamikaze Kids were led by Greg Ballard, who had 22 points.

Washington tied Oregon State for the league lead by using sustained scoring outbursts to win twice. Ahead of California 29-28, the Huskies went on a 10-minute 25-point spree during which Lars Hansen and James Edwards combined for 17. That put Washington on top 54-42 and on the way to a 76-56 win. Trailing Stanford 33-26, the Huskies opened the second half by outscoring the Cardinals 22-5 and won 87-81.

Another California team that was surprised was San Francisco. Peppertine salting away a 75-65 decision.

Nobody, however, unsettled Nevada-Las Vegas, which racked up its ninth straight 100-point game by wallopping Cal-Northridge 111-75. The Rebels then squeezed past Seattle 90-49 and stopped Iowa State 88-82.

1. WASHINGTON (13-0) 2. NEV.-LV (10-0)

MIDEAST Everything was normal by tumultuous in the Southeastern Conference. With Alabama coming to town, there was an unprecedented ticket demand at Auburn. Three students were hospitalized after being crunched when the doors opened two hours before the game. A state trooper stopped the Alabama team bus and asked, "Anybody got a ticket they'll sell?" Nobody did, just as no one did minutes earlier when a trucker pulled even with the bus and offered \$50 for four 53 tickets. The game was equally frantic, the Tigers leading 38-27 at the half, then being held to 24 points thereafter as they lost 63-62. Leon Douglas had 19 points for the Crimson Tide. Five days earlier, Alabama limited Kentucky to 16 points in the second half as it came out on top 76-63.

Kentucky, now 0-3 in the SEC, also fell apart in the late stages against Tennessee after being up by 12 points with slightly more than five minutes to play. With less than 10 seconds to go and the score tied at 79, Bernard King of the Vols took an alley-oop pass, lost his balance, fell to the floor and, while almost flat on his back, threw in a one-handed "laydown" basket. Kentucky tied the game but with three starters having fouled out and Rick Robey injured, the Wildcats lost in overtime 90-88. King finished with 24 points and teammate Ernie Grunfeld had 43. That was enough to offset the 22 points the Wildcats got from Jack Givens and the 26 points and 28 rebounds amassed by Mike Phillips.

Indiana raced to a 16-2 advantage at Mich-

igan, then held on for an 80-74 win. Hoosier Kent Benson sank 16 of 18 field-goal attempts and had 33 points. Benson had 22 points in a 78-61 defeat of Northwestern. In other Big Ten games, Terry Furlow pumped in 140 points as Michigan State won two of three games. And Wisconsin, down 49-27 in the first half, overhauled Ohio State 82-81 in overtime.

1. INDIANA (10-0) 2. MARQUETTE (8-1)

MIDWEST Marquette was taken for a ride, but not for long. After landing in Oklahoma City, the Warriors boarded a bus and were headed for Norman, the site of the University of Oklahoma, before they had a chance to inform the driver they were to play Oklahoma City U. Also having difficulty getting from Wisconsin to OCU were the Chiefs' modish new uniforms: ordered last summer, they arrived six hours before game time. It was the Warriors, however, who fashioned the victory, beating the Chiefs 71-60.

Houston, which was voted into the Southwest Conference in 1971 but had to wait five years until the schedules could be reshuffled to include it, finally played its first official league game at Arkansas and suffered its worst-ever loss 92-47. Two days later SMU hooked the Razorbacks 82-81 after trailing 80-72 with 2:10 to go. Ira Terrell provided much of the Mustangs' fire power with 32 points before T. J. Robinson tipped in the winning field goal with six seconds left.

Two of the nation's hottest-shooting guards squared off when Lafayette's Todd Trippucka (28.9-point scoring average) went against Missouri's Willie Smith (23.8). Trippucka won the battle with 34 points, but the Leopards lost the war as Smith shot over their zone for 29 points, and the Tiger frontliners used their size and muscle to win 90-77.

Also revving up for the start of Big Eight competition was Kansas State, an 81-49 victor over Tulane.

St. Joseph's (Pa.) lost more than a 109-96 overtime game at Xavier, near the end eight players had fouled out. Because of this season's 10-man traveling squad limit, the Hawks wound up with just two players on the floor for the final 87 seconds.

The major goal of the 10-man rule is to curb travel expenses, but Loyola of Chicago found an even more economical way to cut costs. After a lapse of 23 years it renewed its series with crosstown rival DePaul and transported its players to the Blue Demons' gym on the el. Total fare: \$4.50. DePaul (10-2) won 100-77, 6' 11" Center Dave Corzine contributing 27 points, nine rebounds, seven blocked shots and seven assists.

Cincinnati trimmed Eastern Kentucky 73-66 and downed Louisville 77-73.

1. CINCINNATI (11-2) 2. MISSOURI (11-2)

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Shoehorned into the pro football playoffs and the middle of the hockey and basketball seasons, baseball's winter free-agent draft attracts about as much attention as another injury to Bill Walton. Not only is the draft overshadowed, it often is understocked, since most amateurs become eligible for selection in June when the major leagues do their important picking. But the drafts held last week was different, not for any immediate commotion it caused, but for the excitement No. 1 choice Steve Kemp seems capable of generating in seasons to come.

Kemp, a 21-year-old outfielder and left-handed batter who was selected by the Tigers, has been called a stronger hitter than American League MVP and Rookie of the Year Fred Lynn by Rod Dedeaux, a man who ought to know. Dedeaux has trained numerous major-leaguers-to-be during his 33-year tenure as Southern Cal's coach, and two of his most recent stars were Lynn and Kemp. "Steve is one of the best power hitters we've had," says Dedeaux. "He and Freddie have quite a bit in common. Both showed signs while they were still playing at USC of being outstanding big-league batters. At this stage, Steve is more of a pure hitter. He has great power in his arms and wrists. Unlike Freddie, who is a rhythmic hitter with a quiet bat and short stride, Steve has an unorthodox style, but so did Stan Musial and Roberto Clemente."

At the plate the Texas-born Kemp settles into a low stance, wiggles his bat a lot and takes a long stride and a big cut at the ball. During USC's 57-game schedule last spring, Kemp, a 5'11", 185-pound junior, used his violent swing to line base hits to all fields—and beyond. His .435 average shattered a 22-year-old school record by 31 points and surpassed Lynn's best season at Southern Cal by .109. Kemp's 90 hits included 13 home runs, eight triples and 17 doubles, compared to Lynn's bests of 14, seven and 13. Kemp's total of 67 runs batted in was 21 more than Lynn's highest.

Lynn was a senior in 1973 when Kemp appeared in three USC varsity games and had a homer, double and single in his five at bats. As a sophomore Kemp averaged .351 in 61 games as a designated batter. He hit five home runs, three triples and 14 doubles that season,

A tiger at the plate

Detroit's top draft pick, Steve Kemp, outhit Fred Lynn in college

Given that kind of batting record against the stiffest college competition, it was no wonder that the professional scouts descended on Kemp when he decided to drop out of USC last fall to become eligible for the winter draft. (College players must be graduated or out of school for a semester before they can be selected by a major league team.) Scouts are by nature terse and cautious in assessing a player's future, but when they discuss Kemp, they offer what for them are raves. David Ritterpusch of the Orioles gives Kemp the scout's highest accolade: "We think he will be a starter on a major league team. We're very positive on him. Our reports indicate he's a surprisingly good hitter against lefthanded pitching."

While connecting with fastballs has never been a problem for Kemp, he has difficulty making connections in the outfield. "With his dashing style and ability to hit the long ball, Steve causes excitement whenever he steps into the batter's box," says Dedeaux. "And until last year he also caused excitement whenever a fly ball was hit in his direction." Says Royals' Scout Art Lilly, "He's not a goylelike type like Lynn. His fielding is not overly impressive."

The other question mark about Kemp's game is the strength of his throwing arm. "He has a leftfielder's arm," says Lilly. "It's not strong enough for center or right." First base, often a haven for players with big bats and suspect arms, may turn out to be Kemp's best position in the majors.

Kemp attributes the slow development of his arm to the unorthodox throwing motion he previously used. "I would whip the ball with my elbow bent and couldn't get the right carry or rotation

on it," he says. He figures that on a scale of eight, the grading system often used by major league teams, his arm now would rate as a five.

All the close scrutiny and ceaseless interviewing by scouts the past six months have kept Kemp on his toes, on the telephone and on the run near his Arcadia, Calif. home. "The scouts were kind of scary," he says. "They were always around watching to see what I could and couldn't do. They never talked about how much money they were going to offer, but always wanted to know how much I would ask to sign."

After giving him eye tests for depth and color perception, two Cincinnati scouts drove Kemp to his former high school and timed him in the 40- and 60-yard dashes. "I asked whether I could do it again, but they said I did all right the first time," says Kemp, who stole seven bases last year, second best on the USC squad.

A "motivational profile" of 190 questions was administered by Ray Pomeroy, a Baltimore scout. "There were three choices for answers, things like: very true, true and somewhat true," says Kemp. "They were weird questions, like 'could people say of you that you would beat your mother in order to win?' " Apparently he had the right replies to most of the questions. Says the Orioles' Ritterpusch, who reviewed the profile, "He'll tend to be a cool customer when he's facing a pitcher in a tight situation. He has good emotional control and mental toughness."

All this nice talk is enough to embarrass anyone, and Kemp seems anxious to point out that he's not too good to be true. "Don't get me wrong. I'm no angel," he says. "I drink my share of beer."

After the draft, Kemp had a chance to drink in some intoxicating speculation. Although the Tigers, who had first choice because theirs was the worst record (57-102) in the majors last season, have signed him to an estimated \$50,000 "major league" contract, Kemp can be assigned to a AA or AAA farm team. But there is lots of talk that he might make the Tigers this spring. Before the draft Kemp said, "I hope to make it to the majors in two years." His schedule may have to change. How can Detroit be expected to keep him down on the farm after they've seen Fred Lynn? **END**

It was Ripley, you'd better believe it

A little-known California vaulter sets a world record in the first major indoor meet of the season



RIPLEY'S EYE IS ON THE CROSSBAR

Havely Crawford, 25, native of Trinidad, graduate of Eastern Michigan University, machinist by trade and sprinter by calling, had explored the possibilities of College Park, Md. within a two-block radius of his motel on Baltimore Avenue and had found it wanting. "This place is dull, dull," he said over a plate of fried clams, the only bright spot in a day of unrelieved waiting.

More than anything in life, Crawford wants a gold medal in the 100 at Montreal. He ran for Trinidad in Munich and qualified for the final, but he pulled a hamstring during the race and placed eighth and last. For a time he thought he could never go through the preparation for another Olympics. However, an observer suggested, unkindly, that Crawford would probably have finished eighth in that field even if he hadn't pulled a hamstring, and Crawford has smarted from the insult ever since. In fact, he has become obsessed by it.

Last Friday the 60-yard dash at the National Invitational Indoor Track Meet in the University of Maryland's Cole Field House was to be Crawford's first competition of the Olympic year, and he endured the last hours impatiently. "I don't think anybody will beat me this year," he said Friday afternoon.

By 8:30 Friday night Crawford had been beaten twice, both times by the 18-year-old who shares the world record at 100 yards, Houston McTeer. In their heat, the third, McTeer had shot out of the blocks so fast that the crowd of nearly 12,000 gasped in unison. Crawford, who comes from behind, gained a little when McTeer let up after about 40 yards, but he never really got close. McTeer said later that he slipped at the start in the final, but still he was timed at 5.9, equaling the meet record. Crawford was second in 6.0, and farther back was a crowd of world-class sprinters—Steve Riddick, Ivory Crockett and Delano Meriwether.

"They all need a race, and they need one early in order to know where they are," said Meet Director Bob Comstock. "They know we have a fast track and that the competition will be good."

Comstock spends \$18,000 in travel expenses to ensure the presence of track and field's brightest lights, enough of them to make what he calls a "complete" track meet, not merely a couple of stars and a

lot of spear carriers. As an undergraduate at Catholic University in Washington, D.C., Comstock ran the dashes in addition to playing baseball and basketball, and he coached the track team while he was a law student. Since there are virtually no results to go by from the end of the outdoor season until January, Comstock relies heavily on a network of old coaching friends for current information on the condition of the athletes he intends to invite. He describes himself as a track fan, "but not the kind that would pop down to North Carolina for a meet." He is knowledgeable, but he admits to an occasional mistake. For instance, in 1971, when making up the field for the 500, he decided not to spend any of his travel money to import Lee Evans because Evans had not run in a while and had not been doing very well when he did run. But Evans, says Comstock, persuaded him by phone. "He said, 'Bring me in and I'll even run in the fifth lane. I won't get in anybody's way.' So I did, and he ran a world record 54.4."

On the other hand, Comstock's discerning eye has turned up some good ones, such as John Carlos, whom he spotted at the Americas vs. Europe meet in Montreal in August 1967. "He ran well there," says Comstock, "but he hadn't done much before that." Carlos rewarded Comstock's prescience by upsetting Billy Gaines in the 60 the first year and running world-record times the next two.

Comstock read in a Baltimore newspaper that a Dr. Delano Meriwether had run a 9.4 100 at a local meet and invited him to compete in 1971, a bargain, as it turned out, in travel expenses and publicity. In 1974 he brought Dick Burkle down from Rochester, N.Y., and Buurle upset Steve Prefontaine in a marvelous two-mile race.

"If a guy runs well here," says Comstock, "he can make plans for the rest of the season. He knows he'll be invited wherever he wants to go."

Because he is a world-record holder and something of a child prodigy, McTeer is good box office and therefore one of those athletes who can take his pick of meets. So can sprinter Steve Williams, half-miler Rick Wohlhueter, milers Tony Waldrop and Marty Liquori and high jumper Dwight Stones. So can almost the entire roster of Coach Tom Jenkins' Pacific Coast Club, the packaged act that

meet directors are usually happy to get, since a package that includes high jumpers Tom Woods and Rory Kotinek, shot-putter Al Feuerbach, intermediate hurdler Jim Bolden and miler Francis Larrieu, all of whom competed in College Park, is another bargain. And sometimes there is a bonus in the package, like 22-year-old pole vaulter Dan Ripley.

Going into the Maryland meet Ripley held the world amateur indoor record at 18' 1". He had set the mark a year ago at the Sunkist Meet in Los Angeles, but the feat had hardly made his name a household word. Comstock knew, if few others did, that with Ripley and his PCC teammate Casey Carrigan in the field, plus Poland's Wojciech Buciariski, who equaled the third highest indoor vault of 1975, there was a good chance for a record. Ripley and Carrigan competed about two weeks before in the Saskatchewan K. of C. Games in Saskatoon ("The nice thing about going up there," said Ripley, "is that if you do badly, no one knows"). Ripley won at 17' 9½", and Carrigan was second at 17' 6¼". Furthermore, Ripley, in his attempt at 18' 1½", had come within a hair of succeeding. Actually, it was a forearm. Ripley is an ebullient sort. The vault had been perfect in every respect and he knew he had the record in the bag. As he sailed over the bar he made a two-fisted gesture of triumph, but he made it an instant too soon. A forearm hit the bar and he landed, well, sheepishly.

At College Park the battle came down to Ripley and Buciariski. Officials raised the bar to 18' 1½" so the two could have another try at a record. Both missed their first two attempts, and then Buciariski was out on his third.

"My first two tries were lousy," said Ripley. "Luckadassical. I didn't get my pole out front. The same thing had happened on the first two in Saskatoon. So on the third I concentrated on getting the pole out there. I was better at the takeoff, I had good momentum on the runway and the pole was out front. I knew I had it." This time he held his forearm back long enough to land safely. Then, however, he flew into a wild, joyous victory lap around the infield, bounding over barriers, jumping pits and reclining relay runners. The six-foot, 175-pound San Jose State graduate was still grinning an hour later as he assured reporters that, yes, it was true, his highest

continued



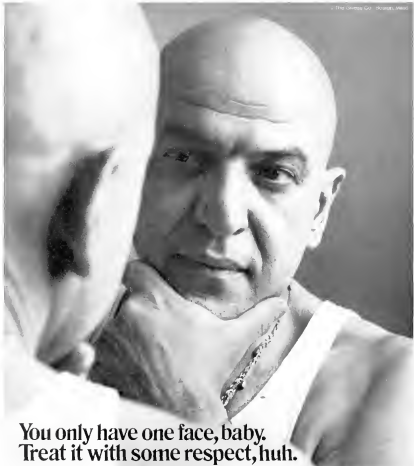
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vault as recently as two years ago had been 16' 3".

Eamonn Coghlan, the redheaded, freckle-faced Irish miler from Villanova who ran third in Filbert Bay's 3:51 mile in Jamaica last year, won the mile in 3:59.7, taking the lead with two laps to go, then narrowly holding off the finishing kick of Danie Malin, a South African running on boards for the first time.

Because of a hip injury and a poor cross-country season, Coghlan went home to Ireland for Christmas and ran cross-country and road races to build his confidence and stamina. He won them all and arrived in College Park on the day of the meet, ready for a try indoors. "If I'd lost in a fast time I would have been happy," he said, "and if I'd won in a slow time I wouldn't have been unhappy, but winning in a good time is making me unbelievably happy."

Had Marty Liquori run the mile as he did last year when he beat Prefontaine in 3:57.7, the occasion might have been different. Liquori, though, has moved on to greater distances, possibly because Bayi and John Walker seem to own the mile and the 1,500 for the time being and because, with Pre gone, there is a vacancy at 5,000 and 10,000 meters. Looking tired, Liquori won the two mile in a sluggish 8:34.4, 14 seconds off Prefontaine's American record, but he said the time was fine, about what he had expected. Liquori had been training 110 miles a week, and he began work on the track only a week before this meet.

With five months remaining until the Olympic trials in Eugene, Ore. and six until the scheduled start of the Games in Montreal, the talk was all of better times to come. McTear, for instance, thinks he can run a 5.5 in the 60 before the indoor season is over, and his coach, Will Wolloughby, agrees. Of all the winners, perhaps the only one who felt he had surpassed himself was Glenn Irwin, a Temple University junior who had never jumped higher than 7 feet. On his last attempt, with the bar at 7' 2", Irwin upset Dwight Stones, who has jumped a world-record 7' 6½", and 5' 8" Ron Liviers, who has jumped 7' 4¼", farther over the top of his own head than anyone else.

Irwin lay motionless in the pit for a moment after his jump. Then, in virtually a single bound, he leaped into the stands to hug his coach. Who needs the Olympics at such a moment?

END

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An Iowa farm boy hogties the Cyclones

In a grabfest between the nation's two best teams, Iowa State had a neat plan to regain supremacy, but a pig raiser's son squashed it

The computers had just spewed out the grades earned by University of Iowa wrestlers for the semester, including the efforts of one student-athlete who had a D and three Fs. The team's academic adviser was ready to fold, spindly and mutilate the young man, but Coach Gary Kordelmeier was calm. "I knew he was spending way too much time on that one course," he said. "I told this kid, 'If you don't take the final exams, some professors will count that against you.'"

Even though Kordelmeier could allow himself a bit of black humor in this instance, since the youngster in question is not a leading member of his team, it is illustrative of the uncertainties that have dogged him as he has worked to turn Iowa into a big-time wrestling power. Proof that he is succeeding despite some lackluster classroom performances and injuries came last week when collegiate wrestling in general and Iowa wrestling in particular had one of its most glittering moments.

It occurred when Iowa, ranked No. 1 in the nation, faced No. 2 Iowa State in front of what officials of both schools believe was the biggest crowd (14,293) ever to watch a college wrestling match. Hundreds of other would-be spectators were left outside the packed ISU Hilton Coliseum to enjoy the wonders of a January night on the plains. The hero was Iowa farm boy Mike McGivern, who wrestled better than he can. Competing at 158 pounds, he managed a dramatic 6-6 tie with State's Pete Galea, a tough New Yorker who was supposed to dust McGivern with-

out breaking a sweat. McGivern's draw propelled Iowa to a 19-14 win and left him positively stunned. "Gee, I'm pretty surprised," he said. "In fact, I'm very surprised."

So was Iowa State, which had figured to show the upstarts from down the road what wrestling is all about. State long ago became accustomed to winning; in the last seven years, it has won the NCAA championship four times. On seven other occasions, ISU has finished second. Iowa has won the NCAA only once last year—and folks at Iowa State do not hide their feeling that it probably was a fluke. Now it is time to junk that theory. Iowa is for real.

Merely winning another national title would not entirely satisfy Kordelmeier, who wants an Iowa-style wave of wrestling popularity to sweep the country. "What I hope is that wrestling will get important enough that they'll start firing coaches," he says. And the aforementioned problems of building a repeat winner have offered plenty of chances for Kordelmeier to get a pink slip.

Last year the Hawkeyes had a freshman heavyweight, John Bowkby, who

amassed a 31-6-2 record and placed second in the Big Ten and third in the NCAA championships. Undoubtedly Kordelmeier did not bother to recruit any new heavies for his squad. Now he wishes he had, since supremely confident Bowkby he tried out for the U.S. Olympic team when he was a high school sophomore decided to play a little varsity football this season. A troublesome knee was aggravated, and shortly thereafter it was wrecked during a wrestling match. Now Bowkby is picking up towels. He may be back later in the year but that is small consolation for Kordelmeier, who said before the season began, "Injury at heavyweight would be a big blow."

As a sophomore, 190-pounder Greg Stevens had finished second in both the Big Ten and the NCAA championships. So 190 was a secure position for the Hawkeyes, right? Of course not. Stevens also tore up a knee.

But wrestlers' problems are not all injuries, and they are not all at Iowa. State has had its share. Hotshot freshman Kelly Ward was doing splendidly in a weight class (142 pounds) at which the Cyclones are thin. He was undefeated in four early-season dual meets, went home to Maryland for Christmas vacation and returned 27 pounds overweight. He had difficulty

finding any clothes in his closet that still fit, much less getting back down to his wrestling weight. Against Iowa, Ward's replacement Dean Sherman was whopped 16-1.

All this does not mean that the two Iowa schools have wrestling teams populated exclusively by the lame of limb and halt of mind. Quite the contrary. Both have so much talent that such adversities are generally overcome.

To push the Hawk-



McGIVERN LEFT GALEA AND ISU FANS GASPING BY GAINING A PIVOTAL TIE



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eyes to the top, Kordelmeier has recruited some of the country's best talent, including an assistant coach named Dan Gable. The Fabled Gable, who won a gold medal at the Munich Olympics and 181 straight matches during his high school and college careers, competed at Iowa State. But when it came time for him to find steady work, State suddenly came down with a case of the check-with-us-tomorrows. "I wanted three months, then I just had to find something else," says Gable. Iowa was glad to oblige. Iowa State subsequently tried and failed to get him back.

The star of Iowa wrestling is Chuck Yagla, who won the NCAA title at 150 pounds last year and agrees that he could be described as an all-conference goody-goody. "Yeah, well, I guess I don't party as much or drink as much as some of the others," he says. "I try to wrestle for the glory of God."

Yagla admits there is also a more earthly reason he wrestles. "There's a lot of satisfaction grabbing somebody

and doing something to him that he doesn't want you to do and him not being able to stop you," he says. Yagla gets his way almost every time out. He lost twice in 37 matches last year, only once this season. Although a mite short on talent, he's long on conditioning and smarts. After winning the NCAA championship, Yagla sheepishly concedes that he went nuts. He drank two glasses of sloe gin and orange juice at a party. But he left the gathering early and got to bed at a respectable hour. "Chuck is the kind of guy you would like your daughter to marry," says Kordelmeier, forgetting that Yagla is already married.

Then there's Chris Campbell from Westfield, N.J., who wrestles at 177 pounds and says he comes from a "classic ghetto situation—no father, a mother who works for white people, the whole bit." So what is Campbell doing at Iowa? "I was the best and I wanted the best," he says. He may be right. Campbell was second in the NCAAs last year, has an excess of natural ability and thinks he is

changing for the better. "I used to be conceited," he says. "Fortunately, I lost that. The coaches here kept telling me, 'You're not as great as you think you are.' They really got on my case. Now I believe them."

Iowa State has no returning NCAA titlists, but there are a number of Cyclones who could be waving their index fingers above their heads later this year. The most likely to do so is Galea, a senior who normally wrestles at 150 pounds and was fourth in the national championships last year. He admits to inconsistency but says, "You ought to see me when I really whale on somebody." Galea came west with his buddy, 126-pounder Bob Antonacci. What did his friends back home in New York think about his choice of schools? They first confused it with Ohio, then they teased him by saying, "There's nothing out there but cornfields and farm girls." Says Galea, "Neither of them is so bad."

State also has 177-pound Willie Gadsen, another New Yorker, who got so



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worked up before the Iowa match that he ripped an arm off a practice dummy, and 118-pound Johnnie Jones, the Cyclones' biggest surprise. He called all over the country begging schools to give him a chance to prove he deserved a scholarship. "Nobody wanted me," Jones says, and Coach Harold Nichols admits, "I didn't know how good he was." Jones, who is in his first season at State after two years at Michigan's Schoolcraft Junior College, is 27-0 this season.

His 27th victory came against Iowa. He ran to the mat hollering, "I'm gonna get me some fried Hawkeye." And he certainly did, winning a 9-3 decision over Mark Mysryk to give the Cyclones an early 3-0 lead.

In a strategic move earlier in the day, State decided not to have its star, Galea, wrestle Yagla at 150 pounds. Nichols replaced him with Joe Zuspahn, conceding that weight class to Iowa, but freeing Galea to wrestle at 158, where he was considered a certain winner. Thus the Cyclones seemed sure of only one loss in

the two weights. When Yagla triumphed easily to give Iowa an 11-6 lead, the plan seemed to be a good one.

Then Galea came out amid roars from the Cyclones' fans. "Man, this is what wrestling should always be about," he said, before running confidently onto the mat. But Galea did not allow for the possibility that McGivern might know the difference between a full Nelson and a hot shower. McGivern did.

With 29 seconds left in the bout, Galea had a two-point lead and seemed to be heading for a nothing-special win. Then McGivern pulled off a reverse to tie the score. Galea grappled back into the lead with a one-point escape with 14 seconds to go, and Nichols' plan again looked good. But with eight seconds remaining, McGivern scored a startling standing arm drag takedown for two points. So although Galea was awarded one point for riding time, the match was tied. "I was trying too hard for a pin," said Galea. "I didn't notice that," said McGivern, who was raised along

with 1,000 hogs on a farm near Maquoketa, Iowa.

Then came the feature match, State's Gadson against Iowa's Campbell at 177 pounds. When push came to shove, Campbell prevailed 7-6. "But as the match went on, he felt stronger and I felt weaker," Campbell said later. "My stomach cramped. I was so tired. I need a break."

It was State that really needed a break after Campbell's victory put Iowa ahead 19-8. The Cyclones had to get two pins in the remaining two bouts to win. The victories came, but only by decisions.

That left the members of State's team feeling a little like the three almost-made-it wrestlers pictured on Kurdelmeier's office wall. Their names are Kooda-Ben, Wooda-Ben and Shooda-Ben. Iowa and Iowa State have another dual meet in February, and they are sure to encounter each other in the NCAA's. But at least for the moment, it is the Hawkeyes who should finish the season thinking how extraordinary '75-'76 has been. **END**

*After all, if smoking isn't
a pleasure, why bother?*

PULL NORTH TO



NOME

In the land where man's best friend is his sled dog, the 1,150-mile race was led by a little lady named Nugget, worth her weight in gold

by COLES PHINIZY



CONTINUED

Any man who wandered through boyhood with a dog can easily revive the sweetest parts of his past by visiting among the great sled dogs of Alaska. An Alaskan husky is just about what every boy's dog should be: furry and lovable and stoical, trusting yet skeptical, abiding in the faith that however bad today has been, there is always tomorrow—which may be even worse.

Although it has been a state for 17 years, Alaska is still a sprawling confederation of men and moose, sustained in large part by government checks and pipeline promises and loosely bound together by such modern appliances as the microwave telephone, the Bell helicopter, the Cessna 180 and the snowmobile. In the technology of the red-hot present, the sled dog is an anachronism, but not a museum piece. Like Sam Colt's simple old six-shooter, the Alaskan dog lives beyond its time because it is a very efficient and durable item.

On a good trail a modest-powered snowmobile can get 30 miles out of two gallons of gas. On an equal weight of high protein and oil, a good seven-dog team can go 70 miles in a day hauling 350 pounds and can keep going at that pace for a fortnight. When it is pegged down for the night in arctic winter, a Cessna needs a heater hung under its cowling to keep its vital parts from sticking together. The sled dog makes it through the night at minus-40° by curling into a headless, legless ball.

In extreme cold, when the body temperature of a man drops below 95°, the controls of his system begin shutting off heat to the hands and feet, surrendering the extremities to try to save the rest. Endowed differently, the sled dog suffers relatively little from frostbite. On a long haul in the worst of times, a dog may become so dehydrated that the skin of its withers, when pinched up on its back, will stick to itself. Its feet may become raw from iceballs formed between the pads and from rough mileage over ice, but usually the dog keeps going until all of it gives out. When one piston pops on a Cessna, that is it. When a snowmobile dics 40 miles from anywhere, you cannot eat the carburetor. When one dog in a team fails, the rest carry on, nourished if need be by the carcass of their brother.

The sled dog for certain has come a long hard way in the company of man, possibly accompanying him across the land bridge from Asia back in glacial times. No one really knows how long northern men and dogs have been together because the records were poorly kept, and a lot of the good early data is probably buried under 20 feet of mud in the Bering Sea. The greyhound, a distant cousin of the husky, is depicted in reasonable facsimile in 5,000-year-old carvings in the Egyptian tomb of Amten. The husky's line can also be traced back almost 4,000 years, but because it lived among men who left only occasional scrimshaw on bone and tusk, the clues as to what its ancestors looked like and how they served man are fragmentary.

In arctic cultures, when it was sometimes necessary to put feeble and aged kinfolk out in the snow as they became a burden, the dog obviously was not cultivated simply as a lovable chum. Because their skulls have been found in middens, it is speculated that early Eskimos raised dogs to eat, and considering the marginal economy of the primitive Eskimo, they probably were eaten. Whatever their worth may have been as dinner entrées or as hunters, pack animals and sled-haulers, there is little doubt that long before there was a Darwinian theory or Mendelian Law, the dogs of the north were being selectively

bred by the dure process of elimination, the weak perishing, the deadbeats disposed of and the top dogs retained as working partners in the constant business of survival.

Despite its years of isolation and the fact that three separate strains are now pedigreed, the working and racing sled dog of today is more mongrel than ever. Since the coming of European man and his grab bag of canine varieties, just about everything has gotten into the husky blood. In a single good team there may be pure Siberian and Malamute, and mongrels sporting the features and pelage of half a dozen breeds: the slant eye of the wolf combined with the snout of a German shepherd; the pale blue eye of the Siberian showing in a mongrel with the lop ears and tawny coat of a retriever—all in all a mishmash of the sort that would give a genetic fanatic the fits. The most to be said with certainty along these lines about the best Alaskan huskies today is that there is probably not much Chihuahua or dachshund in any of them.

A few years back, Darrell Reynolds, an Anchorage musher, tried mixing the blood of the dingo, the fast and very smart wild dog of Australia, into his sled team. The urge to pull and keep pulling now and forever is bred into the Alaskan husky, and any good musher can tell if a mongrel rookie on his gang line has





They bounded away from Anchorage (left), and after weeks of tough sledding, the winners were Ennüst Peters and lead dog Nigget.

too much lazy blood in it. On irregular terrain, where the main weight of the load may shift back and forth among the tandem pairs of dogs on the gang line, if one dog is goldbricking there will be too much slack showing too often and for too long in its individual line. When Reynolds bred a dingo bitch to a pure Siberian and put one of their offspring on his team, the half dingo (fittingly named Aussie) seemed to be pulling, but was it? Having been an officer in Alaska's correctional institutions for some time, Reynolds is no dumbhead when it comes to cunning. To find out if Aussie was giving its all, Reynolds tied a cotton string to the half dingo's harness and led the string back to his position on the sled

runners. By hauling lightly on the string, Reynolds could produce slack in Aussie's tug line. After only a few days at the slavish game of sledding, the half dingo had found out how to make its effort look good traveling uphill or down dale. Reynolds tried a dog of the next generation—one-quarter dingo—and discovered he still had too much goldbricking brains on the line.

Bill Vaudrin, a half Cree-Chippewa musher born and raised in Akron, Ohio, got several of the mongrel dingoes bred by Reynolds and lent one to a trapper in southwestern Alaska who found it to be a dandy moose dog. Using its dingo smarts, the borrowed mongrel would set out of a morning, find a moose and herd it back within easy rifle range of the trapper's door. (Since bagging moose in

such a fashion is unsporting and a definite no-no in the eyes of game wardens, the names of the trapper and mongrel are being withheld until the statute of limitations runs out for them.)

Despite the explicit function bred into it, the Alaskan husky is still all dog, lusty and rambunctious. After 40 miles in sweltering subarctic weather—say, 25° above—a sled dog may sprawl out on the snow limp as a rag doll, but his libido is unaffected. Many a fine sled-dog litter has been conceived because a musher bedding down his exhausted team left slack in the picket line, allowing boys and girls to mingle. In such impromptu get-togethers there are often more boys than girls, and that is why quite a few sled

dogs have scarred muzzles and tattered ears.

The sled dog is, in racing terms, a router. Distance is its bag. A thoroughbred horse prepping for a stakes race rarely works out more than 15 miles a week, easily galloping, breezing or blowing. A sled team often runs that far the day before a race simply to get to the starting line. Without a doubt, in a quarter-mile sprint against a greyhound and a thoroughbred, the sled dog would come in last. The fastest of them probably cannot hit 33 miles an hour unhampered by a sled, whereas a thoroughbred with a human on its back exceeds 40, and greyhounds do about 38.

But as the distance lengthens, the greyhound and horse come back to the husky. Since any sled race less than six miles is considered appropriate only for three-dog teams driven by kids, there are few meaningful sled-dog clockings for the runty distances that greyhounds and horses travel. However, in the annual North American Championships in Fairbanks, any dog team that cannot hit 20 miles an hour for the first four miles of the opening heat and average 16 for the whole 70 miles has little chance.

Beyond 25 miles, strictly on a power-to-weight ratio, the sled dogs are certain winners. At 50 miles, as best one can extrapolate from the few clockings available, a thoroughbred carrying a jockey about 1/10th its weight can average about 12 miles an hour. Dog teams totalling about half the weight of a horse and hauling twice as much have gone 65 miles at the same speed. The best clocking of certain record for a horse for 100 miles is 11 hours, four minutes. Two years ago a dog team mushed by Joe Redington Jr., of Knik, Alaska, covered 120 miles in 11 hours and two minutes.

Nearly 70 years ago, when placer gold was plentiful and worth sluicing at \$20.67 an ounce, Nome, the Sodom of the north, staged an annual sled race called the All Alaska Sweepstakes. The course meandered from Front Street in the heart of sprawling Nome to the lesser mining town of Candle on the arctic side of the Seward Peninsula—408 miles round trip over Godforsaken terrain that brought out the best in sled teams and the worst in some of their backers. Toward the end of the 1909 race, pistol-packing patrons of the sport reportedly persuaded a

continued



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PULL TO NOME continued

musher driving imported Siberian huskies not to improve his third-place position. The following year somebody moved some of the trail markers. In the 1915 race somebody left a coat studded with porcupine quills under new snow on the trail.

Despite the hanky-panky, the All Alaska Sweepstakes had two worthy effects. For one, it gave the people of libidulous Nome something other than alcohol to think about in the winter. (Even today, when race fever has the town, a sure way to empty a Nome bar is to yell through the door, "Dog team on Front Street.") The Sweepstakes also improved the breed. The Siberian huskies in the 1909 race were the first in Alaska, and whether their third place was enforced or not, they were so impressive that three more teams were imported for the next go-around.

From the loose old Nome days until recently, sled-dog competition was confined largely to shorter stints. The world championship staged annually in Anchorage consists of three 25-mile heats on consecutive days; the annual North American in Fairbanks has two 20-milers and a 30-miler. Three years ago, as a result of general enthusiasm and an all-out effort by a select few, a marathon event was born equal to the heroic proportions of the state. The race, a 1,150-mile gut-buster that starts in Anchorage and finishes in Nome, is worthy of the best Alaskans, men, women and dogs, but it is oddly named. From a promotional point of view it might have been called the New Alaska Sweepstakes or possibly the Yukon Marathon, since 140 miles of the course runs on the frozen back of the big river. It is called instead the Iditarod Trail Race, although probably not one in five Alaskans knows what Iditarod is or ever was.

Iditarod today is an obsolete dot on the map, situated on a winding tributary of a winding tributary of the winding Yukon. In the early 1900s Iditarod boomed briefly as a gold town and died without a whimper, barely known. Its name lingers only because it was once a central point on the long dog-sled trail that in winter connected icebound Nome with the ice-free port of Seward in southern Alaska. The Iditarod race was conceived and named for an abandoned trail through a dead town because nine years ago Dorothy Page, secretary of the Au-

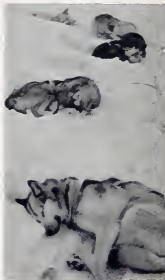
rore Dog Musers in the almost dead town of Knik, thought there should be a special sled race in 1967, the centennial of the Alaska Purchase. As a test of man and dog, the Iditarod race of 1967 was the usual modern "sprint" affair: two 25-mile heats run a short way over the historic trail. But the purse offered, \$25,000, was more than twice that of the world championship and attracted twice as many competitors. The Iditarod race might have ended as a costly, one-shot affair except that the management of it passed to a transplanted Oklahoman named Joe Redington Sr., who in his years has more than adequately proved that anything he gets into is apt to get out of hand.

Redington, now known as the father of the Iditarod race, was born and bred a gypsy. Tagging after a father who off and on was a farmer, cattleman, roustabout, hunting guide and basketmaker, Redington spent some of his boyhood in the seamy parts of big cities and more of it in little towns like Kingfisher, Okla., Kintnersville, Pa. and Spearman, Texas. During World War II, when almost everybody settled down to his assigned task, Redington was as much a gypsy as ever. He started in the horse artillery, then got into a motorized unit, later became a flying sergeant and after that a paratrooper. From that lofty pinnacle he sidestepped into airborne artillery and finally saw action on Ie Shima at ground zero in a heavy tank battalion.

During his boyhood Redington had many plain dogs, most of them named Pal. After the war, when he headed for Alaska with the usual dreams of an outsider, he had six sheepdogs with him, but as soon as he crossed the Canadian border he started collecting hand-me-down huskies, notably a bitch named Dodger that straightaway dropped 11 pups. To help make his way at first in Alaska, Redington winked slightly at the provisions of the G.I. Bill, which allowed \$100 a month to any homesteading ex-serviceman who owned livestock and attended a husbandry course. Although 46 dogs were his total stock, Redington dutifully went to husbandry class and ended up leading it in one test. When asked to bring in milk from one of his dairy cows for evaluation, Redington turned in a sample from a bitch that had recently littered. Since the nutrient solids in canine milk exceed what any prize cow puts out, Red-

ington won the protein and butterfat competitions going away.

In the 1950s, of all Redington's odd jobs, the one of most pertinence today was a search for a section of the old Iditarod Trail, which the military wanted to reactivate. Disregarding 50-year-old maps and often dog-sledding less than a mile a day through second growth, Redington and an Army crew were able to retrace more than 100 miles of the old trail by blazes still showing after half a



Out on the trail, a snooze in the snowbank.

century. Redington kept a daily log on every dog he owned and mushed. By 1961, when he eased up on his bookkeeping because it was crowding his living space, the total number of dogs was more than 2,400. "I just naturally like dogs," he said.

It was Redington who insisted that the 1967 Iditarod race should have a whopping \$25,000 purse, befitting the centennial. To assure it, he offered a sliver of his homestead to raise \$10,000 and mortgaged the balance to get \$15,000 more—

continued

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PULL TO NOME *continued*

and would have been foreclosed if the state had not bailed him out. Although he was almost bagged on the first go, Redington kept campaigning for an endurance race on the old Iditarod Trail. In the early 1970s, at get-togethers, he proposed a round-trip race over the section of trail between the dying town of Knik and the totally dead town of Iditarod—distance, 800 miles; purse, \$50,000. Many mushing enthusiasts demurred, logically because such an epic event should begin in a big city like Anchorage, not in Knik, and because Iditarod at the far end was an unheard-of, nowhere place, not likely to ring a bell, and certainly not a bell on anybody's cash register. "All right, we won't stop at Iditarod," Redington replied to doubters. "You have all heard of Nome, and you know where Nome is. We will go all the way to Nome." And so it was that the 1,150-mile ordeal from Anchorage to Nome originated and has survived, although nobody connected with the business end of it has ever been too sure where the next dollar was coming from. Colonel Marvin (Muktuk) Marston, who in the crisis years of World War II mushed more than a thousand miles organizing Alaska's first home guard, kicked in \$10,000 for the first race. Bruce Kendall, a hotel proprietor and part-time politician, signed a note for \$30,000. A mushing schoolteacher, Dan Seavey from the Kenai, turned back half of the \$6,000 he won for third place in the 1973 Iditarod race to keep the affair going. El Paso Alaska, a natural-gas company, put \$15,000 into the second race. More than \$15,000 was raised by bingo and a lottery based on the time of the first finisher. Atlantic Richfield, one of the companies with a stake in the Alaska pipeline, spent more than \$70,000 for the third race.

The Iditarod Trail Race became an instant classic because of the public spirit of titans and plain folks, and it will survive only for that reason. There is no other major sporting event staged anywhere in a setting more spectacular than that of the Iditarod, nor any so perfectly designed not to break even at the turnstiles. Any concessionaire thinking to turn a few bucks parking cars or selling hot dogs along the Iditarod Trail should forget it. A café in Knik, which serves as the first checkpoint 60 miles from the starting line in Anchorage, does a good business from spectators as the teams pass through, but once the mushers leave

Knik, they virtually leave the human race. Susitna Station, the next checkpoint 38 miles from Knik, has a standing population of 20, and so does Skwentna, the third checkpoint 45 miles farther along. At the Finger Lake checkpoint 193 miles from Anchorage the population is two: Gene Leonard and his wife June. Forty miles farther, where the trail passes into the first steep rises of the Alaska Range at Punilla Lake, the population jumps to three because Allan and Ann Budzynski now have a kid. Three hundred and six miles from Anchorage at Rohm Roadhouse, beyond the windy horrors of Hell Gate in the middle of the Alaska Range, there is usually nobody (and no longer a roadhouse).

Counting the 581 people in the big town of Galena on the Yukon and the 271 in McGrath on the Kuskokwim River and every Athabascan Indian in the river towns of Ruby, Nulato, Koyukuk and Kaltag, and counting also Tex Gates, who is the total population of Bear Creek, and adding to that number every sober and half-sober citizen in the supposedly dry town of Unalakleet, and every Eskimo, half Eskimo and half-frozen European in Shaktoolik, Koyuk, Golovin and the other towns lying on the barren grounds westward to the Bering Sea—all told there are not quite 4,000 people living along the resurrected Iditarod Trail between greater Anchorage and distant Nome.

Although it does not pass within 100 miles of most Alaskans, the race ties the state together emotionally and in fact. Some of the mushers who compete in the Iditarod, like some of their dogs, are pure-blood—Eskimo, Athabascan or European. Others are one-half this and a quarter that. The teams come from over by the Canadian border and the Kenai and the Eskimo lands of the north and far west, from half a dozen small towns outside Anchorage, from the Susitna drainage, and from a dozen Athabascan towns on the Yukon, Kuskokwim, Koyukuk and Tanana rivers. The first race in 1973 was won by Richard Wilmarth, a white maner from Red Devil, who had not mushed for 10 years. The second race was won by Carl Huntington, a three-quarters Athabascan originally from the Koyukuk; the third by Emmitt Peters, a 3/4ths Athabascan from Ruby on the Yukon. The musher who has compiled the best record over three years—a fifth, a

third and a fourth—is Herbie Nayokpuk, an Eskimo from Shishmaref on the Chukchi Sea.

The best performer, man or beast, in the three marathons to date is a 9-year-old mongrel named Nugget, a small winsome bitch that is some part husky and God knows what else. Nugget was the lead dog of the winning team in 1974, racing admirably for Huntington except for one three-mile scamper off the trail after a moose. Last year, leading the team mushed by her proper owner, Peters, this wonder bitch of the far north was again first over the line, averaging 79 miles a day for 14½ days. Peters had started out with Nugget and 11 other dogs, five of which were her offspring from two litters. He dropped four tired dogs in the first 350 miles and another with a cut foot at Solomon on the Seward Peninsula. Somewhere in the last 200 miles Nugget became pregnant again. Despite her motherly condition and a tumor on one breast, she was strong across the finish line, still leading her five offspring and a plodding wheel dog named Pete. You must assuredly do not get that kind of gritty, family togetherness in high-falutin horse racing.

From long day to long day on the trail, a musher does not know what trouble may assail him. Sometimes it is the obvious: foul weather with winds over 40 knots that drive the snow horizontally, wiping out the trail and pushing the chill factor down to minus-120°. It can be pneumonia in the musher's lungs or diarrhea in his dogs. Fatigue often turns the ordeal into wry comedy. Ken Chase, a musher from Anvik, remembers the weary fumbling of Rayne Redington, second eldest son of the founder, in the middle of the 1974 race. "When he clamped near me," Chase says, "Rayne was trying to put pine tar on his dogs' feet, but he was so groggy he was getting it all over the dogs and more of it on himself. If I had thrown a bag of feathers at him, he would have looked like a turkey." In 1975, as musher Durrell Reynolds moved through the night, in the light of his lamp the gaunt spruce crowding the trail began to look like beautiful women, so much so that he gave a few a cordial pat on the bums, as gallant Italians are wont to do to the fair sex. The record for frustrated slumber en route belongs without question to Alan Perry, an Anchorage musher who literally ran be-

hind his dogs more than a third of the way. While riding the runners over one 40-mile stretch between Farewell and Salmon River, Perry fell asleep six times, on each occasion tipping his sled over and awakening in deep powder.

A musher's bugaboo on a given day may be the work of God or an illusion of his own tired mind. On other days it may come in very real form, as a wolf, or much more likely as a moose or a human idiot on a snow machine. Two lead dogs owned by Sandy Hamilton of Alakaket on the Koyukuk never made it to the start of the 1975 race because a rogue wolf snatched them off the pocket line back home. In 1974, on the night of his 27th day out of Anchorage, Tim White of Minnesota (the only musher from the lower 48 states to compete in the Iditarod) was a cinch to finish 20th, the last money place, until a snowmobiler boiling along the shelf ice of the Bering Sea just 18 miles from Nome struck him from behind, cutting up his legs and injuring his wheel dog. The race committee voted to award White 20th place although he was carried the last 18 miles.

In the Firecracker 400 or the Stink-bomb 200 or any stock-car classic, when Richard Petty and David Pearson have been doing along barely a rumpled carbody apart, have they ever gotten the yellow flag because a stray cow was on the track? Never. In the Iditarod race the moose is forever blundering onstage. Tired of wandering belly-deep in snow, moose often get on the sled trail and punch holes through the crust deep enough to trip a dog. In the 1975 race, within 14 miles of the starting line two moose leapt right over dog teams, creating a furor and a nasty tangle. Two days later and 120 miles further along, the four leading teams were held up more than half an hour because a truculent moose would not let them pass.

Since it is the sort of prolonged misery that requires a plastic imagination, after only three years the Iditarod race is already rich in lore. An exorbitant part of the saga now circulating in and outside Alaska involves a lead dog named Fat Albert, a bushy-tailed, luxuriously coated Siberian-Malamute that has done for the Iditarod pretty much what Babe Ruth did for Ruppert's stadium in the Bronx. The world loves imperfect heroes. It matters not whether the Babe ever pointed to center field and sent the next

continued

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pitch that way. The vision of him taking a swat, then mini-stepping around the bases on skittle legs with some of his stomach hanging over his belt is memory enough. Like the Babe, Fat Albert is a Rabelaisian figure with a lot of clout.

Fat Albert's march to fame began before the first race when his owner, Rod Perry (brother of the Perry who holds the Iditarod record for falling off a sled), was working his team on a small course in Anchorage. On a day when Fat Albert was riding on the front of the sled because of a hurt paw, a veteran musher, Orville Lake, who serves as a radio commentator at many mushy events, pointed at the couchant dog and asked, "What is that?"

"That is Fat Albert, my lead dog," Perry replied.

"Well, where you have him at the moment," Lake said, "he looks more like an overweight hood ornament." Titillated by his name, newscasters gave Perry's lead dog a big play, one of them urging listeners to ship plastic freepugs up the Iditarod Trail because Fat Albert was too sophisticated to use rural facilities. *The National Observer*, an astute journal that records the joyful happenings of the world without neglecting the horrors, adopted Fat Albert. To touch the hearts of readers across the U.S., the newspaper needed only to tell it as it was. In the 1973 and 1974 races, Fat Albert was a smart leader, a great trailbreaker and plugger who could not be headed by the worst winds, but he was also a ham and a boulevardier, a lover of people and city lights. In this bed of truth the legends about him sprouted and keep growing. As they now are told, Fat Albert rode most of the way to Nome in both races and was put in lead harness only 10 or 15 miles outside of each town; at the first scent of habitation or loom of light in the night sky, he would charge forward at 15 miles an hour. In truth, Fat Albert footed it all the way in 1974. He did ride about 100 miles early in the first race after he was bitten by a teammate in a fight over a bitch named Ieta.

At the Last Chance Bar on the Yukon, when a drunk tried to steal Perry's sled to chase a rival who had stolen his girl, Fat Albert did not—as the story usually goes—drive the thief away. Nor was he pulsy with the filcher while he was dumping Perry's gear off the sled, as others claim. Fat Albert maintained a neu-

tral stance throughout the contretemps at the Last Chance Bar. Furthermore, in the 1974 race when Perry fell asleep on the runners, Fat Albert did not turn the team around and lead them back 30 miles to the bright lights of the town of White Mountain. He was only 15 miles out when he turned around and headed back to town.

Because of newscasts, the lore of Fat Albert preceded him along the trail. When Perry was five miles out of Golovin on Norton Sound, he could have sworn he heard the constant, distant crying of seabirds. It turned out to be all the children of Golovin waiting for their favorite Iditarod dog on high ground above the sea, whistling and chanting, "Fat Albert. Fat Albert." At Kaltag on the Yukon two years ago Fat Albert was allowed to sleep in a cabin with Perry so the children would not pester him. When Perry awoke once in the night, there were a dozen adults hovering around Fat Albert. When he next awoke, a number of the adults were doing a dance in the dog's honor.

The children of Kaltag asked Perry to have Fat Albert kill a mean dog named Cinders owned by Tom Mercer, a musher from Tulkeetna. Perry told the kids it was against the rules of the race, but that once across the finish line, Fat Albert would certainly let Cinders have it. As it turned out, it was Fat Albert who almost got it in Nome. As the tale now runs in its richest form, when Perry was within 100 yards of the finish line at 3:30 in the morning, a taxicab coming out of a side street broadsided Fat Albert, the impact throwing the driver from his machine and leaving Fat Albert on his back with four feet straight up in the air. Actually the collision occurred about 250 yards from the finish, and Fat Albert was not broadsided by the cab. He was hit head on in such a clean fashion that both he and his co-leader, Shorty, and the pair of dogs behind them disappeared under the taxi as it sucked up by a large vacuum cleaner.

No matter at what hour a sled team arrives, Nome usually has officials out to greet it. Probably because he was traveling without a light, Perry had been moved in the wet hours by the spotters several miles out of town. Since none of his team seemed more than shaken up by the collision, after giving the cab driver the what-for, Perry mushed on across


the finish line and started to bed down in the middle of Front Street. His only greeter in the next 20 minutes was a drunk who came wandering along and wanted to know if Fat Albert and his cohorts were sled dogs. "No," Perry replied. "They are a new kind of giraffe."

In the 1974 Iditarod race 15 dogs died. Two were shot by a musher to ensure getting the rest of the team through a bad ground storm. Two died of causes that could have taken them at any time. The other deaths can be written off—but not excused—as a consequence involving God and man: four days of the worst weather in the Alaska Range and an inadequate number of stations where mushers could drop off doubtful and ailing dogs. In the 1975 race 39 mushers and 508 dogs took off for Nome. Twenty-five mushers and 188 dogs went all the way. A large number of the non-hushers quit as team units, but a bush pilot, Larry Thompson, picked up 120 dogs dropped at 18 checkpoints on the trail, flying them homeward or to stops where commercial liners could carry them on. In 1975 every musher was required to make at least one 24-hour layover, and there were 10 veterinarians posted on the trail to counsel mushers and to hold any dog they thought unfit. Five dogs died, one freshkilly, the other four certainly as a consequence of the tough conditions—considerable improvement over the preceding year but not enough to satisfy some strident dog lovers.

As long as any husky dies at it, there will be some who want the mushing game abolished. Such well-meant tenderness, of course, only hurts sled dogs in the long run. Historically they are dogs of purpose. Abolish their rough trade and they all sit on the edge of oblivion. At a civic meeting a few years back a lady told Joe Redington Sr. that she was going to have all racing stopped. In his usual easy way, Redington said, "Madam, you just condemned about 1,000 of a beautiful kind of dog to death."

The husky, like any other decent dog or man, needs protection today from the self-appointed pure in heart who storm around the world making it a better place for everybody to live in their way. All a husky really needs to prosper in its customary style is the fellowship of men and women, and other dogs game enough to travel with it through the miseries of an Alaskan winter.

END



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1/9TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOCH

FORCEFUL ISSUE

Sir:

I fully concur with the remarks of Northwestern University Coach Tex Winter about the increase of physical force in basketball (SCORECARD, Jan. 5). I think the American Basketball Association had the right idea when it established the three-point zone, but it should take a step farther and allow only one point for baskets scored from within an area under the basket, a radius of seven feet, for example. However, I would allow two points for spectacular breakaway and fast-break baskets scored within that area. This plan would cut down on the cheap scores resulting from physical mismatches and help curtail the trend toward too-tall players. It might even bring back the hook shot and small guards.

WILLIAM W. DENTLEMAN

St. Louis

PLAY

Sir:

I wish to take nothing away from a tremendous performance against the Minnesota Vikings by an excellent Dallas team (In on a Wing and a Prayer, Jan. 5), but two crucial calls went against the Vikes late in the fourth quarter. The catch by Drew Pearson on a fourth-and-16 play appeared to be out of bounds, and Pearson's catch for the crucial touchdown came as he was pushing off on Nate Wright at the Minnesota five-yard line. I'm tired of watching games being won and lost by officials who blow calls. I think it's time Pete Rozelle did something about it.

BRUCE J. DEHART

Mc Airy, N.C.

Sir:

Dan Jenkins wrote, "The Vikings will see what plagues them in the films of the Staubach-to-Pearson touchdown pass." I am a Viking fan, and when I looked at the films I saw Drew Pearson push Nate Wright. But it didn't please me.

LEON T. MELUWISSEN

Falls Church, Va.

Sir:

The article asks whether the officials could have won the game for the Vikings when they gave them the ball on the Dallas four-yard line following a punt, "which resulted in the cheapest seven points since loaded dice." They had nothing to do with it. The Cowboys fumbled, not the officials. I think you

fumbled when you printed this article. It was the cheapest since loaded dice.

GREG BEVERLY

Norton, Va.

Sir:

Dan Jenkins wrote the first article I've read that tells it like it was. I say take away the Vikings' second-quarter "gift" and the Cowboys' last-second "miracle" and the Cowboys still come out winners 10-7.

CHRIS BARNHART

Binghamton, N.Y.

BY GENE

Sir:

I have waited several days for someone in the press or television to mention this. Hasn't it occurred to anyone that the first touchdown of the Bicentennial year of 1976 was scored by G. (for Gene) Washington, a wide receiver for the University of Georgia?

JAMES A. RIDDLE JR.

Fairfax, Va.

PICKS, PUFFS AND POKES

Sir:

Congratulations on your 1975 college football preseason forecast (Sept. 8). No less than seven of your Top 10 picks made the final AP Top 10. Fourteen of your Top 20 made AP's Top 20. Using your full Top 20, nine of them made the AP Top 10. Perhaps most surprising of all, your No. 1 pick—Oklahoma—finished there in spite of your putting the Sooners on the cover.

JOHN C. GLAZERBROOK

Newport News, Va.

Sir:

Ranking Oklahoma ahead of Ohio State is beyond me. The Buckeyes have as much right to be ranked No. 1 as anyone.

LAWRENCE J. ROY

Bridgeport, Ohio

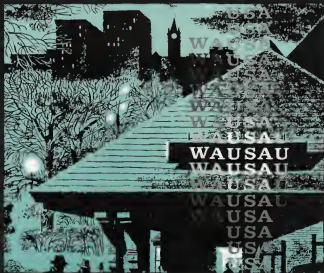
Sir:

The bowl games proved that Midwestern voters are overrated. Parochial Midwesterners forgot that Oklahoma beat a second-place team (Michigan) that won only eight of 11 games. They forgot the Kansas-Oklahoma score, 23-3, and the Sooners' fluky victories over Colorado and Missouri. The truth is Arizona State was No. 1 for the season, and maligned UCLA was unbeatable on Jan. 1.

THOMAS BECKER

Grand Forks, N. Dak.

continued



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10TH HOLE

MUNCIE'S REWARDS

Sir:

The thing that most impressed the San Francisco employees of Victoria Station about Wiseman Trophy winner Chuck Muncie was not his size or his impressive statistics. A small German shepherd puppy had been abandoned in a box here early on the



day of the award. Muncie cradled the puppy in his arms like a soft football and carried it and his plaque home with him. Later, the employees discovered that Muncie had named the dog Victoria.

THOMAS P. BLAKE
VICTORIA STATION, INC.

San Francisco

NAMES TO REMEMBER

Sir:

You'd best (SCORECARD, Dec. 22-29) The noteworthy fact was not that Mwanga was in the 1,500-meter university-meet race in Tanzania with Filbert Bayi or that she finished fifth. The noteworthy fact is that Mwanga, who competed in the National AAU championships in Madison Square Garden last winter, is the only athlete—living or dead, man or woman, amateur or pro—whose first and last names begin with "Mw" and end with "a."

STANLEY SAPLIN
Director, New York Office
Amateur Athletic Union

New York City

WILLYE'S EXAMPLE

Sir:

As a longtime admirer of Willye White, I was happy to read Pat Jordan's account of her quest to make her sixth U.S. Olympic team (*From the Land of Carnon*, Dec. 8). The article reveals her sensitivity as well as her competitive spirit. I sincerely hope she realizes her goal and wins a medal in Montreal. She deserves it.

WILLIAM A. MARKS

Fullerton, Calif

continued

JAN. 17-18 IS SUPER BOWL WEEKEND ON THE CBS RADIO NETWORK

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1967 The 1967 NFL All-Star game to Vince Lombardi's Green Bay Packers, 35-10 over Kansas City.



1968 It's Green Bay, 31-10 Oakland 14, with Danny Anderson hitting pass set for the Packers.



1969 Even leg: Bobby Smith of Baltimore can't stop New York's Joe Namath as the Colts are handed a 16-7 defeat.



1970 Black ticket: Jim Brown (94) accounts for 11 Kansas City points in 1st half, 21-7 over Minnesota.



1971 Jim O'Brien after his field goal in the final seconds wins it for Baltimore, 16-13 over Dallas.



1972 Struck by Thomas to touchdown, as Dallas beats Miami 14-7.



1973 Howard Duff's run sets Dolphins touchdown pass in 14-7 Dolphins win over Redskins.



1974 Larry Csonka paces Miami Dolphins in 24-7 drubbing of Vikings.



1975 Rockets: Franco Harris sets Super Bowl rushing record of 158 yards in 16-6 victory over Vikings.

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10TH HOLE (continued)

Sir:

I read the article twice. It was a beautiful story about a wonderful athlete and, more important, a wonderful person. Everyone could learn from Mrs. Willye B. White.

If by chance she does not make the Olympic squad, I recommend that the U.S. send her anyway—to represent us all.

D. J. KING, JR.

Spencer, Iowa

Sir:

In my 14 years of reading *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* I have become accustomed to the excellent style of your writers. However, as sports editor of the *Greenwood*, the daily newspaper here, I must object to Pat Jordan's description of Greenwood. I'd like to tell him that the massive mansions on Grand Boulevard are not aging and unintended. The drive is one of the more scenic areas of Greenwood. Greenwood's streets and sidewalks are not littered with balls of cotton spilling out of trucks and warehouses. My office is downtown, and I can't remember seeing the streets and sidewalks in such a condition. The townspeople do not have a habit of narrowing their eyes at the sight of anyone, white or black, who is not a native. My wife and I have lived here for a year and we have not received such treatment. It is not true that blacks drive through Carroll County only if it is absolutely necessary. The general consensus here is that the story should have been more accurate, since this is today and not 1962.

DAVID MARRIS

Greenwood, Miss.

YOUNG HEAVYWEIGHTS

Sir:

I am writing in response to the article concerning the U.S.-U.S.S.R. boxing confrontations (*The Search for a Few Warm Bodies*, Dec. 1). All of us in amateur boxing were unhappy that the first match in New York, where we defeated the Russians 6-4, was not reported in depth. CBS televised the event, and all those who viewed it said it was one of the most outstanding shows of that nature in years. Conversely, the article stressed the bad points.

The invitation to the U.S.S.R. to compete in the first all-heavyweight program was not made on a win or lose basis, but to obtain boxes for young U.S. amateurs, to develop them and to expose them to international competition. Your article gave the American public the impression that our boxers are inept, which is not true.

ROBERT J. SUGLEN

East Moline, Ill.

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Seagram's. The Perfect Martini Gin. Perfect all ways.

Philip Morris Announces The First Major Step Since The Filter.

'Enriched Flavor' discovery revealed for new low tar cigarette.

An intensive twelve year research effort just ended with incredible flavor in a low tar smoke.

The cigarette is called MERIT.

Only 9 mg. of tar. One of the lowest tar levels in smoking today.

Yet in taste tests involving thousands of smokers, MERIT delivered as much or more taste than brands having up to 60% more tar.

If you smoke—you'll be interested.

Smoke Cracked: 'Enriched Flavor'

While other cigarette-makers were busy designing special filters that would somehow filter out tar but not taste, Philip Morris concentrated on the business end of smoking. The tobacco end.

By "cracking" cigarette smoke and isolating certain "key" flavor ingredients—ingredients that deliver taste way out of proportion to tar—what we call 'Enriched Flavor' was developed.

'Enriched Flavor' is extra flavor. Natural flavor. Flavor that can't burn out, can't drop out, can't do anything but come through for you.

We added—packed—'Enriched Flavor' into MERIT.

And began a rather startling series of taste tests.

The results are absolutely authentic.

Taste-Tested By People Like You

9 mg. tar MERIT was taste-tested against five current leading low tar cigarettes ranging from 11 mg. to 15 mg. tar.

Thousands of smokers were involved, smokers of filter cigarettes like yourself—all tested at home.*

The results were conclusive.

Even if the cigarette tested had 60% more tar than MERIT, a significant majority of all smokers tested reported new 'Enriched Flavor' MERIT delivered more taste.

Repeat: delivered more taste.

In similar tests against 11 mg. to 15 mg. menthol brands, 9 mg. tar MERIT MENTHOL performed strongly too, delivering as much—or more—taste than the higher tar brands tested.

You've been smoking "low tar, good taste" claims long enough. Now smoke the cigarette.

MERIT. Astonishing taste at only 9 mg. tar. From Philip Morris.

*American Institute of Consumer Opinion.
Study available for on request.



MERIT and MERIT MENTHOL

9 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.